

THE
DARK BLUE.

MARCH 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

—♦—
APOLOGIA MEA.—IN TRIBULATIONE.



SIT and think. My purpose is to write a work of fiction—a romance—to bring forth as living figures those men and women that have for months surrounded me, walked with me, and spoken to me; whose course has shaped itself in my imagination to its end—a course I could not have altered, even had I wished. I understand my imaginary scene-paintings, I see them, I can interpret them for *myself*; but to interpret them for *others*? There lies the difficulty. I love my companions. I have felt their joys and sorrows, I have searched their hearts and weighed their motives, I have lived their life over again, and now I am to

give up my friends to the public gaze, perhaps to be misunderstood, to be severely dealt by, or, worse still, to be ignored. I must say I almost dread to lay open this cherished intercourse of ours, and have those mysterious forms of mine roughly handled; but as my under-

taking must be bravely carried out, I'll try at least and give my imaginings the brightest clothing I can, endow them with clearly defined outlines, and with the great characteristics of truth and reality. And thus, while searching for these same, for truth and reality, I sweep in thought the distant ages of life, love, and death, the three mighty corner-stones of being, and review in fancy the romances of those great painters who lived before me, to take but one draught of inspiration from that precious well of life-representation.

Beyond modern periods and middle ages I wander, back into those classic regions of time, when the southern peninsulas harboured all the refined thought and elevated intellect which Europe had as yet developed. Here in the Peninsula of the East—which juts into the smooth waves of the Mediterranean, while yet clinging to its antique soil—I find my Muse, the well-poised figure of Prosaic Romance.

From pretty but unfortunate Miletus I see the youthful ideas of romantic prose wafted over to Greece; I see the Milesian tales in the early centuries of our era develope into the full-grown shape of the first continuous romance by Antonius Diogenes, 'On the Wonders in Thule;' I behold Eros, the boy god of love, and the wonders of foreign countries become the theme of romance writers for centuries, and I mark the bright and vivid colours with which Diogenes, the first of the Eroticians, paints the astounding adventures of his Dinias and Dercyllis; I admire Heliodorus as he elevates the erotic theme to Christian modesty, while he describes in almost epic prose the love passages between Theagenes and Charikleia; and I wander with Longus, the sophist, about delightful Lesbos, while he weaves the sweetest expressions of love into his pastoral romance of Daphnis and Chloe; later still I travel with St. John of Damascus into India and Egypt, and witness the fantastic scenes he describes in his spiritual romance of 'Josaphat and Barlaam.'

I see these Milesian tales wander further, and land at exotic Sybaris, give birth to the Sybarite fables, and grow, trained by the national characteristics of the Roman, into the hardier form of satire and satirical romance. I note romantic prose art, as it yet lingers in Italy and in Greece, in a poorer form: but I turn from these puny children of a great national genius to refresh myself at the sparkling life-fountain of those healthy, strengthful peoples of western Europe among whom my Muse has now wandered.

Here I see Romance in national and poetic guise appear in fantastic Spain, in sprightly France, in brave England, and sober Germany. In 1140, I note how Gualtier, Archdeacon of Oxford, urges Geoffrey Monmouth to make a Latin collection of the legends of Armorica, Brittany, and Wales—the first prose form of western Romance. I behold these early figures of romantic chivalry remain still bright in our own time; I see Arthur and Merlin, Perceval and Launcelot, Tristan and Yseult, Ysaie le Triste and Genevra, shine then



and now. In the thirteenth century I mark how Charlemagne and his Paladins, Amadis of Gaul and his exploits, furnish substance for semi-prose romance for Fabliaux, Contes, and Geste, and, formed by the description of all these national heroic characters, I behold prosaic romance take shape at last in Italy, give numberless tokens of vitality in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, then rest in the fourteenth century on the artistic pedestal of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

From Boccaccio's *Decameron* I see prose-tales of chivalry, romance, and love, spread over the whole of civilised Europe, rise in Spain to Montemayor's 'Diana,' in France to Honore d'Ufré's 'Astrée,' in England to Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and bring in their train innumerable Contes Devots, Heptamérons and classical love-stories; till Rabelais, by the end of the sixteenth century, clothes Romance in the broad colours of real life. I see him break through the golden net of chivalry and love-romances, and give his realistic descriptions a dash of political satire in the famous 'Gargantua and Pantagruel;' further on into the seventeenth century I see the great Spaniard Cervantes adorn my Muse with one of her sweetest romances, his 'Galatea,' then tear, in his wonderful 'Don Quixote,' the last shreds of outworn knight-errantry from the figure of prosaic Romance, and so give impetus to the representation of reality in satirical form. I behold a whole host of imitators follow him and Rabelais: Mendoza, in his charming 'Lazarillo de Tormes;' Quevedo, in his sarcastic 'Gran Tacano;' Scarron, in his slangy satires, and Lesage in his sparkling 'Diable Boiteux' and 'Gil Blas de Santillane;' the German Fishart in his 'Grandmother of all Practice,' and Grimmelshausen in the 'Faithful Simplicissimus.' Then I turn my mind's gaze from these romances of varied genius, and encounter here in England, at the decline of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries, so bright a constellation of stars over my Muse, that I am almost dazzled with their splendour. Defoe shines first with his adventurous 'Crusoe,' and Richardson follows with his pictures of family life; then I see Swift, Sterne, Fielding, and Smollet offer my Muse the most exquisite satirical prose, and glow around her graceful head in the images of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Tristram Shandy,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Humphrey Clinker.' There follow suite, broad Johnson with his 'Rasselas,' and Goldsmith with his delightful 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and a whole host come close upon them; Godwin brings his clever 'Caleb Williams,' Walpole his romantic 'Castle of Otranto,' and imaginative Mrs. Radcliffe, with sensitive Miss Burney, worthy Miss Edgeworth, bright Mrs. Opie, and delicate Miss Austen, close the train.

In France I perceive my Muse decked, in the eighteenth century, by names that give her still greater lustre: by Voltaire with his 'Candide,' Rousseau with his philosophical 'Modern Heloise,' Diderot with his 'Rameau's Nephew,' and St.-Pierre with his 'Paul and Virginia;' and I see Madame de Staël by her renowned 'Corinne,'

Madame de Genlis, and other romance writers, bridge the distance to the nineteenth century. In Germany I find Richardson imitated by Hermes in 'Sophy's Travels,' and by Lafontaine in many a family picture; I behold Wieland offer his classical 'Agathon' at my Muse's shrine, and near him I see Jean Paul Richter with his humoristic fancies, Schlegel, Tieck, Fouqué, and Chamisso with their artistic paintings, while Göthe with his art-loving Wilhelm Meister towers high above them all.

I behold Spain lie far behind, Italy outrun long ago, and England lie somewhat becalmed, till I see in our century, one after the other, those great romantic prose-painters arise, whom we still call our own: Walter Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, and Dickens, Currer Bell, Bulwer, and Disraeli. I see them take up every phase of life, and carry in their wake those thousands of imaginative minds who paint for us in our day and are living among us.

I see in France, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Vigny, Balzac, Sue, Sand, Souvestre, Karr, Soulié, Janin, and Dumas, each give a flower of genius or talent to my Muse; and the more earnest Germans, Gutzkow, Laube, Auerbach, Hackländer, König, Freitag, and Lewald, present her with graphic romances. I look around and see other countries send messengers to her; I see America become prolific in romance, and Italy revive; Spain and Portugal follow; Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Russia send contributions; and I see arise doubly, trebly, and fourfold, the English artists of my own time, whose names are known so well and are so dear to us.

The weight of all the great minds that have been content to influence mankind by imaginative prose presses on my consciousness of intellectual poverty, and, as I review this bright vista of genius, I think that after all I can learn nothing, that the power of a romance writer must come from his own inward vision, from his outward experience, and his ability to give the expression of life to both; and if my vision be weak, if my experience be faulty, if I still cling to the soft, undulating forms of humanity, and will not yet attempt the harsh lines of its angular sides, I would ask my readers to remember that it is but the highest musical art which can manage discords and form even them into harmony.

As I write, I feel a heavy grasp on my shoulder, and I know that behind me stands that tempter 'Success,' whispering evil counsel into mine ear: 'You will miss me,' he hisses, 'if you go on pondering thus. Never mind the Muse, come, dash along; paint some fine exotic women; paint men whom they lead by the nose with their arts, use bright strong colours for them; describe impossible scenery fantastically; define immoral niceties under a philosophical cloud, and over all throw the tint of the little learning you have got, and call it a "Romance!" It won't last, but it may tell; and the public may call you a smart new writer, not knowing the sub-

stance, till they feel the bitter after-taste, when the twelve numbers shall have run their course.'

I shiver at the tempter's touch, and am about to put my hand to the pen and follow his advice, in utter agony at my own helplessness, when I feel something soft on my knee, and, turning, I meet the honest brown eyes of my bull-terrier, who has become anxious at my silence and abstractedness, and wants to know what is the matter. That bright sympathetic look gives me strength; I shake off the tempter, and guided by a loving and experienced hand, elect rather to be judged by my own unworthiness than by the false means of apparent cleverness and superficial results.

And so, my Readers, accept 'Apologia Mea.'

CHAPTER I.

TORG AU.

WHAT is a fortress? A tightly-laced town, cramped and pressed down at every turn, unable to bend its body gracefully or stretch out its arms freely. Circumvallated by ramparts and bastions, flanked by forts, encumbered with a citadel, surrounded by a ditch, and hemmed in by a final glacis—such is a fortress. The poor image of a former free congregation of human dwellings, now under military control and rule, having generally lost its trade, its thriving burgher condition, its easy *nonchalance*, and having mostly earned naught in return but stiff pride, great self-importance, and that something more—so dearly prized in this mortal condition of ours—a name in history.

Now, Torgau is a fortress and has a name in history. Napoleon made it a fortress in 1807, a name in history it gained for itself during the varied episodes of its life. If you look at the map of Germany, it lies on the left bank of the river Elbe, a little below the second southerly curve, not in a particularly romantic situation, but in realistic truth and existence.

Glance up from the borders of the river to the rising ground beyond it, where you can see the town in the torpor of a lazy September afternoon, lurid in the yellow haze. The old streets round the market-place look dull in very weariness of life, and the castle at the eastern end looms heavily against the brownish sky. Those streets and that castle have something to tell; those tough old stones carry you back, back for centuries, and cry with the voice of human suffering: 'Here blood flowed; here man and horse charged old and young, male and female; here the starving lay; here the dying groaned; here the sick crouched; here, here in Torgau have we seen war's death-struggles; the throes of our country's development, both spiritual and temporal;

and this our site is for ever marked by the cross of the invader, for Napoleon first made us a fortress when he held sway over the land !'

The town held its siesta on this sultry September afternoon, and the stones, hot and aching from the sulphurous glare of the autumn light, were turning back their memories to old times, as stones and human creatures will, when the burden of present life troubles and chafes them. Learned whispers went round of Torgau's antiquity as a town ; something about Ptolemy having called it Argelia in his geography ; but that, the wiser stones said, could not be proved and must remain a faint glimmer of possible glory on the Torgau horizon. — So the stones traced back a far more tangible origin to brave Henry I., the first German emperor of the Saxon line, who erected here, near the Elbe, one of his town-burghs ; it was but a wooden tower, with a ditch and an earth-wall round it ; but it proved, nigh thousand years ago, an attraction for peace-loving folk, who came and dwelt under the shadow of the wooden tower, formed soon a hamlet, in time a town, and called it Torgau. The stones winked and said, 'No Roman origin for us ; we are of true German build.' On they went in their memories, counting them century by century : first they thought of the times when they held their own against those unruly Slavonians on the other side of the Elbe ; then, how they rose to importance, had Counts of Torgau, and formed a small sovereignty in the Saxon province of the empire ; further on still, how they became incorporated with Saxon Meissonia, and were a favourite place of residence for the Electors. And then, having got to the sixteenth century, the memories of the stones became loud and proud ; those of the Castle joined in them, so did those of the Guildhall. The great soul of the Reformation spoke in every word that was uttered by these passive conveyers of history. Dwelt not here once the wise Saxon Electors who protected Luther ? Did not one of them build the old castle at the eastern end ? Had not Luther stood there in his plain black priest's gown, as he lifted his sturdy arm to consecrate the Electors' Chapel ? Had not old Cranach, the painter of the Reformation, left those grand pictures of his in the principal church ? Did not the Elector and his firm painter friend return here when both came back from captivity, suffered for conscience sake ?

And the memories of the stones took another leap of a century, then shivered with pain and ached with sorrow. Had not the religious war—the great Thirty Years' War—swept over them ? Had not Koenigsmark, the Swedish general, the grandfather of him whose name smelt so vile in the nostrils of England's first George, tramped through their streets, stormed the place, and sacked it, as towns were sacked only in those times ?

Now the tears stood in the eyes of the stones, as they leapt away from that sad time to the next century, and came to the eighteenth. Did they not find the Austrians drawn up outside the town giving battle to Frederick the Great of Prussia ; and did they not help to decide the

great question of their century: whether the enervating influence of the South, or the bracing influence of the North, should gain the day? And did they not decide for the North, and help Frederick to gain the battle; for they thought that the South had wasted its opportunities, and had done but little for the North?

Yet another leap, and the stones halt at the beginning of the present century, when Napoleon held Germania in his iron grasp, and made Torgau the principal stronghold of Saxony; well do the stones remember how the French garrisoned and held them under their General Narbonne, till, surrounded by Tauenzein and the Prussians, Narbonne capitulated after three months' siege, on January 14, 1814. Thousands and thousands of French soldiers the stones had seen die of typhus, dragging the German inhabitants with them into the grave; and there, there on the rampart, they knew Narbonne himself lay buried, with a heavy French military chest underneath him, which no one now can bring to light, as the earth spirit holds it down by bonds of superhuman strength.

Then the stones closed their proud and their harrowing memories, convinced that Torgau had not been like some easy going places, that never seem to care for anything but to enjoy their own security and comfortable way of living, not troubling about their country's strifes, ups, or downs. Again the stones blinked in the sun, as they said: 'Here in our old and aguey age we have taken unto us a new government, new houses, new rules, new life, and though we feel jealous of the grand old time, we must say we are not badly off. The Prussians took us from Saxony, and have held us many a year; it is true, since we have become a fortress, our cloth trade has gone, and so have our large breweries, but we can still hold our own in the world. We of historic memories lie up here in the market-place, the ancient guildhall still flanks us, the old streets still go down the hill, and if no Elector now dwells in our castle to the east, brave soldiers garrison it; pretty suburbs close in upon us with white curtained houses and smart patches of garden ground; at one end of the town is our glorious school building of yellow sandstone, with the grand Esplanade before it, and at the other stands the Casino, where the male *élite* smoke, drink, and talk politics, and the female *élite* meet for amateur concerts, balls, and assemblies. If the ramparts and bastions are extended, we can see the sentries keep guard, and the soldiers march past, and the officers go by, with their swords clanking on the ground; we have gained a fine bridge over the river, and other stately buildings. Somehow refinement has come among us, and we can make a living by the garrison, the rich hop-gardens, and the timber outside the town; we are very well as we are—a fortress, a place of importance, and a pillar of the State.'

The stones grew tired of calling over the memories of the past, so went to rest, contented and proud. And there, on the rising ground beyond the left bank of the Elbe, near her second southerly curve,

sloping down to the river with pretty houses, lay Torgau in the torpor of that sultry, lazy September afternoon, lurid in the yellow haze.

CHAPTER II.

TROUBLES.

ON that same September afternoon, when the stones in Torgau were telling over their memories, there stood before one of the pretty houses near the Esplanade a gentleman, dressed in faultless black, his coat of unusually long cut; he pulled the brass knob of the bell, and entered the house, as an old military servant opened the door.

'Eh, Christian, how are you? I have not seen you for a long time. How's the Major and Miss Mary?'

'Beg to report, Professor Holmann, they can't be seen.'

'Can't be seen—not by me? Who can't be seen?'

'Beg to report, sir, Major von Zollwitz and Miss Mary.'

'But, Christian, you are joking; I always see them.'

'Beg to report, sir, can't, sir.'

'Look, Christian, but I can.' And the agile professor whisked by Christian in an instant, and was up the stairs in spite of the long coat. But Christian caught up the professor, and outside the door of a back room on the first floor began a struggle who should be victor; at last the professor turned the door handle by a dexterous move, and stood panting within the room, dragging Christian in with him.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the professor, 'so I've stolen this march on you, Sergeant Christian. Here I am in the major's sanctum, from which you wanted to exclude me. But what is the matter?' and the professor looked straight at an old soldierly gentleman who stood before him in a long flowing dressing-gown, holding an immense German pipe at arm's length from him, and staring at the intruder with his deep blue Prussian eyes.

'Beg to report, Major von Zollwitz, I could not obey orders; Professor Holmann took the post by storm.'

'What do you mean, Christian? Surely you did not refuse to admit the professor?'

'Beg to report, sir, orders not to admit any one.'

'Did I not tell you, Sergeant Christian, that I, the professor, was privileged? Ha, I am proud to have outwitted such an old tactician. Done, Christian, done; lay down your arms and surrender.'

'Retire, Christian,' sternly said the major. Something came up into Christian's throat, but he gulped it down and respectfully stood by the door, evidently thinking that he knew best whether he should leave the room or not.

From the other end of the room a young girl of about eighteen came up to the professor, and held out both her hands to him, while she threw a reassuring side-glance at Christian, that determined him to stand anything rather than give up his post.

'Dear, dear professor,' said Mary, 'it is so fortunate you have come back, we are in such great trouble!'

'That is another kind of welcome to Christian's; bravo, Mary. But what is the matter, I ask again, major; any bad news?' and the professor pointed to an open letter on the table.

'Any bad news!' exclaimed the major, standing still in his peregrinations round the room, and uneasily pushing his black skull cap sideways. 'Any bad news! This new, this last blow is heartrending. Read, professor, read this mad trash of your pupil's; he is gone, gone, gone!'

'Gone! Gone where, major?'

'Where? To England, that has already cost us so dear, that has already brought so much misery upon us. But read the letter—read yourself what he says, and mark the result of your anxious care for him.'

The professor took the letter that was handed to him, and perused it, shaking his head doubtfully at its contents.

'It is true,' he said, 'it is written in an excited strain, and it is still more true that it is a mad freak to have left for England with such wild fancies as these; but it is not a crime, major, and there is not a mean thought in the letter.'

'Not a mean thought?' exclaimed the major, 'and *you* excuse him? *You* tell me that it is not mean to write to me—to his uncle—that he will not be controlled in that way, that he has done nothing wrong in belonging to those abominable liberty societies, that he will not bear to have the professors at the University informed of his doings, and that rather than be treated thus he will leave his country and go over to that land where something like political liberty exists and where people are allowed to speak their mind. He tells me that he has taken up 300 dollars at our bankers—a pretty sum to go to England with!—and that he shall want no more, as he means to work, or go farther still across the Atlantic to New England, the offshoot of the old home of liberty.' Up and down went the pipe during this long speech of the generally taciturn major, and while uttering the last words the old soldier lifted up both hands in utter disgust at such depravity.

The professor stood reperusing the letter, Mary was looking over his shoulder, and Christian remained upright, on guard at the door.

'My dear major,' the professor began, 'take care to judge your nephew in the right way. Hermann has done wrong to follow the prompting of his hot blood, but he cannot see the wrong. He knows

not how the name of England affects you, and has, like other fine spirits of the day, incongruous political ideas. He forgets the difficulties of our development, and that we could only have succeeded in becoming a great state by rigid rule, and the subordination of self to the general good.'

'Hush, professor; don't *you* get infected with such nonsense. Our fathers were good and brave men, so were our forefathers, and so were theirs, and they one and all fought and lived for God, king, and fatherland, and what does an honest man want more? There is more freedom here than people know of—the freedom to live an upright life if you can.'

Mary touched the professor's arm: 'But what is to be done, dear, dear professor? You alone can help us save my darling brother.'

'Save him, indeed!' growled the major. 'Let him see what England is without introductions, without money—for that will soon be gone—it will do him good!'

No one answered. The professor put the letter down and went up to the window, where he took refuge behind Mary's work-table, winding and unwinding the many dainty reels of cotton and silk, and placing them in interminable confusion. Mary stood there with folded hands looking at the letter, looking again and again, turning fainter and dizzier as her brother's writing seemed to make his image fade from her imaginary grasp, and casting about, with her woman's instinct, among the three men, which would be the one to help her save her brother.

Peculiar signalling was going on at the door. Christian became more and more upright; at last his neck seemed to have stretched to the farthest possible limit, his stiff cravat grew stiffer than ever, his head actually bobbed back against the door with excitement, his eyes gleamed forth words of intelligence under his bushy eyebrows, and his big hard hand was firmly pressed on his heart, mutely saying, 'I am the man; come to me.'

Mary looked round: she saw her uncle go up and down in silence, holding straight before him the useless pipe that had gone out long ago; she saw the professor nervously occupied with the reels, hiding the meaning of his eyes behind the spectacles he always wore; and, turning round, she saw old Christian upright, drawn to his greatest possible height, on the stretch for deeds. Mary understood that the professor meant to say, 'Leave me alone with him;' Mary understood that Christian meant to say, 'I'll go and do your bidding.' Mary gently stepped up to her uncle, placed her hand on his arm, looked winningly at him, and said softly, 'Uncle, save him, for my sake!'

The major trembled; he caught Mary in his arms, and chokingly gasped, 'Go now, leave us alone.'

A faint whisper might have been heard as she passed Christian—'Dear Christian, I can depend upon you!' She flew up the stairs

to her own room, forgot the crisp muslin dress she wore, and threw herself on her bed to have a long, sobbing, heart-breaking cry.

The three men were left alone in the room, with the consciousness of sorrow, trouble, and long-standing misery between them; the troubled atmosphere weighed so heavily upon them that their tongues would not loosen, and the electric spark of communication flew from one to the other without giving positive expression to the words, 'We know.'

The professor was the first to say, 'What is to be done, major?'

The major looked at him, taking with his right hand the skull-cap from his bald head, holding in his left the long pipe, drawing himself up in a soldierly way, and, while an intense expression of hopelessness passed over his fine, almost gentle, face—deeply furrowed by hidden grief—he broke, like all reticent men when greatly excited, into a volley of words.

'What is to be done, Professor Holmann? Do you know what it means to have for seventeen years borne the load I have had to bear? Do you know what it is to see him—him—the son of my only brother—take the wrong way like those before him? Do you know what it means to lose all hope of regaining for these children station and name? *They* left me—me, an old bachelor—to take care of their infants; *they* left me to drag with me the knowledge of crime in our honourable family; *they* left me to hide it from their descendants, and, as far as I was able, from the world; and now, when I have bestowed all the care I could upon this boy and girl, now that restless demon in their blood is to rob me of the result of my year-long anxiety, and England is again to become the burial-place of all our hopes! Professor Holmann, I cannot bear it, I will not bear it; do as you please, send whom you like, but let me go, and let no one come after me. I am going on the esplanade.' And the major, passing old Christian, stalked from the room—a broken-hearted man.

The professor and Christian were alone; like two points that attract each other, they moved from their opposite places, one from the door, the other from the window, and met in the middle of the room. Christian stood stock still before the professor.

'Beg to report, professor, shall go to England after Mr. Hermann.'

'You, Christian? But you cannot speak one word of English.'

The professor—the sensitive, philosophical, pale Professor Holmann, who always covered with spectacles those grand lustrous eyes of his, to hide something in them, that had got there years ago, and that would never be driven out of them again—the professor stood before Sergeant Christian—he, upright, self-contained, the very embodiment of loyalty, devotion to others, and of rigid, simple exterior. One man measured the other, measured his moral length, and the professor acknowledged in his heart that the greater man of the two stood before him.

'Well, Christian, when will you go?'

'Beg to report, sir, to-morrow.'

'Where will you go to?'

'Beg to report, sir, to London.'

'What money is the major to give?'

'Beg to report, sir, none.'

'Why?'

'Beg to report, sir, got plenty of my own, stowed away long ago; got nor chick nor child, is theirs.'

The professor knew that it would be easier to move the house they stood in than Christian's resolution, so he had to be satisfied.

'Beg to report, sir, shall inform Major von Zollwitz of what I see.'

The professor remained silent for some minutes, his frame convulsed with some inexpressible emotion; at last he placed both his hands on Christian's shoulders, and, looking him straight in the face, said—

'Sergeant Christian, report to *me*; it will be better. Sergeant Christian, look again, where you looked seventeen years ago. Sergeant Christian, remember.'

Those two men, the philosopher and the soldier, recognised the existence of a common bond between them, recognised *that* between them which transcends all station, all diversity of opinion, character, and inclination—the immeasurable, long-standing love for one and the same human being.

Sergeant Christian so far forgot himself as to take one hand of the professor's and squeezed it painfully between his two big ones, while the moisture glistened in his heavy eyes; he made a noise, as if he had swallowed something—something very hard to swallow—turned round, saluted, and was gone.

The professor was alone; he took off his spectacles and wiped his eyes, put the former on again, sat down and began to read the fatal letter. A head was put into the door; Mary rushed up to him and knelt down before her old friend, placing both her hands on his arm.

'Professor, dearest professor, what will become of my brother in England?'

'Mary, he will try to find there the excelsior of his aspirations, and will not find it—a liberty that is not possible in our social condition; you know your brother has very enthusiastic ideas.'

'But will he not come to want or get into trouble?'

'I think not; he is *my* pupil, and *I* know his worth. He needs association with positive realities, and he will have it where he is gone to. Leave him alone for a while. Besides, Christian is going after him to-morrow, to London.'

'Our dear, faithful Christian!'

'You may well say so, Mary. That man's devotion to your family has been inexhaustible.'

'Professor, may I ask you something that has long pressed on my mind, that has lately become a greater trouble to me every day, that has to-day made itself felt stronger than ever? There is a mystery in our family?'

'There is, Mary; and what of that? Many other families are troubled with it.'

'Professor, dear professor, I never dare mention the subject to my uncle; I have been trained to the idea that I must bear misfortune; I feel that those who educated me have left me, as it were, in a haze, to feel my own way in the world, always conscious that there is something wrong around me. Professor, clear up my poor mind but a little, a very little; I beg so hard, so very hard of you. Oh! tell me, tell me something of my mother!'

The professor looked down, looked through those deceptive spectacles on the matchless girl before him—on Mary as she knelt there, with clasped hands, the cluster of her luxurious curls thrown back, that spiritual face turned up to him, the expressive blue eyes in agony appealing to him, the exquisite features of almost too classical a mould idealised by a divine sorrow, and the youthful, graceful contour of throat and neck swelling with suppressed tears. Could he withstand *that* appeal? It almost unmanned him; and yet there arose in that man's breast a stronger feeling—the faithful, sacred trust, that had rested there for years. It conquered, and the professor, gently kissing the forehead below him, said—

'Mary, my darling, be composed; trust me that you shall know your mother's story as soon as I can tell it you. Be brave, be patient, and forbearing; value the love we men can give you; above all, value that of your uncle. Go, now, and meet him on the Esplanade, to cheer him up; it will be the best medicine for your sorrow.'

He raised Mary up, smoothed down her curls, patted her as he would a child, and led her to the door; but Mary sighed, and said—

'I wish, I wish they would tell me: this restlessness of doubt will consume me.'

Ever ready to obey the wishes of others, she went resignedly to dress and join her uncle on the Esplanade.

Professor Holmann looked again at the letter, and put it finally into his pocket; then once more adjusted his spectacles, drew himself up, pulled his coat, and with minute exactitude put on his gloves; resolved to show the world of Torgau, as he went out, that there was no more unimpressionable, cold, philosophical character to be found in it than Dr. Holmann, professor of philosophy at the University of Halle.

CHAPTER III.

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

CASTLE FREIBERG was a beautiful place; it lay at the foot of the giant mountains in Silesia. Beeches, elms, oaks, and limes overshadowed the old grey building; the lovely terraces at the back bore signs of superior floral culture, and below, near the terraces, glimmered the romantic lake. Swans moved gracefully on it, and round it the reeds and rushes whispered fairy secrets, while harbouring the chaste, shy moor-fowl, as it sombrely called to its mate. Beyond rose in gradual heights the mountains, clad by thick verdure below, by the tall pine above, and losing their blueish heads in the distance of the skies. Round the castle extended no grand park, but yellow fields and green meadows; cottages of red brick and thatched huts lay scattered about, as if under the very eye of their owner.

Castle Freiberg was a beautiful place; it looked like some mansion of the wealthy, not shut out from the rest of humanity by aristocratic surroundings, but protecting and embracing the more modest homesteads near it, and overshadowing them with parental instinct.

It was years before that sultry, lazy September afternoon, when Torgau lay lurid in the yellow haze, and May had just opened its cornucopia round Castle Freiberg. It had clothed the trees with sweet green leaves, it had dressed the meadows with daisies and buttercups, had given to the fields the swelling young corn, and to the rich terraces behind the castle the dainty blossoms of the earliest flowers; everywhere it spoke: it spoke in the frog that gloated with protruding eyes near the brook; it spoke in the May-beetle as it fluttered hither and thither on the lime; it spoke in the thrush as it trilled in the thicket; and it spoke in the faint little butterfly, that was just drying its newborn wings in the soft May sunbeam.

A boy was rushing after that one tender butterfly on the terrace; such a boy! The impersonation of boyish beauty and strength, the forehead a little too much developed, the eye almost too bright, making one fear for the tenderness of the intellect within. Heated and flushed, the little fellow stood still, listening to the sound of approaching wheels, and calling out—

'Hurrah! hurrah!—here come my papa and mamma!'

The carriage stopped; the boy ran down the terrace, round the corner of the building, and, looking towards the carriage, said disappointedly, 'Oh, how funny! It is Uncle William and Sergeant Christian. Where can they be? Uncle! uncle! here I am; don't you see me? Uncle, it is little Hermann.'

But Uncle William did not seem to hear; he went with heavy step into the lodge, from it further on, across the courtyard into the castle

by a side entrance; so little Hermann had to run on towards the carriage and pull Sergeant Christian’s coat, before he was noticed.

‘Sergeant Christian, where are they, my papa and mamma?’

‘Where are they, Hermann? where are they? Well, they have not come.’

‘And why have you left them?’

‘Why have I left them? Ah, why have I left them?’

‘Sergeant Christian, why do you look so black, and why did my uncle walk like that? Oh, something is the matter!’

‘Little Hermann should not ask so many questions.’

‘Sergeant Christian, now I see you have got tears in your eyes! Oh, take me up in your arms—I will wipe them away; but tell me, where is my papa and where is my mamma?’

Sergeant Christian took the boy up in his arms, while the tears were fast running down his cheeks.

‘Oh, Sergeant Christian, I have never, never seen you cry before; I see it, I know it, my papa and mamma are dead!—oh, they are dead! they are dead! The King and Queen never could want them all that time.’

Hermann hid his curly head on the soldier’s arm, and man and child wept together.

The next day the travelling carriage stood again at the castle entrance; Uncle William was taking leave in the big library of little Hermann, while tiny Mary, just one year old, was being prepared to be taken away by old nurse Martha. Sobbing and handshaking were going on, just as when human cords are cut roughly asunder, and the ends are left loose, bleeding and aching with pain. Uncle William and Sergeant Christian were standing near the window.

‘Christian, I can say no more. I confide these children to you; stop with Hermann in Breslau till I join you, but take Martha first to little Mary’s aunts; they are prepared to receive her. It will take me another week here to seal up papers, to settle everything, and leave the place under the care of Mrs. Dornbush, the worthy old house-keeper. I shall discharge all the other servants. The agent can manage the estate. You, Christian, are alone aware of the extent of this heavy calamity.’

One kiss for sobbing Hermann, one more for unconscious little Mary, and Uncle William was left behind, alone in the castle of Freiberg.

Months after, the first snowflakes were whirling and curling round Torgau, the sentries were walking faster before the bastions to keep themselves warm; the firm, smart soldiers were marching out of the castle for exercise, looking rather fresher and ruddier than usual, and the officers a little less nonchalant, as they escorted their companies. The early errant snowflakes were struggling down, like the vanguard of the dense regiments behind; they settled on the old Guildhall and

the market-place, as it enjoyed the busy turmoil of market-day; they rested on the waggons loaded with potatoe, corn, and wheat sacks, on the bags of rosy apples, on the baskets filled with bright fresh butter, and they flew past the worthy housewives, who, with sturdy maids by their sides, were buying their provisions for the week. The snowflakes caressingly touched the dainty officers' wives and daughters, as they passed by in their new, warm winter toilettes, to pay their morning visits, and the flakes did not rest on dirty little street boys, for there were none to be seen.

The big clock in the Guildhall struck twelve; out poured the boys and girls from the large school-house. The girls from the high school did *not* stand and look at the unloading of the new furniture opposite the pretty house on the esplanade—as daughters of the gentry, they would have thought it vulgar to have done so. The girls from the burgher school *did* stand still and nudge each other, as package after package was taken into the house. The boys looked, stared, and ran on, forgetful of the fact that new people were coming there, and rejoicing in the more pleasurable fact of an hour's play in the sharp crisp morning.

A bright boy rushed about that house near the esplanade: looking from the window, he called out, 'Oh, Sergeant Christian, this is a jolly place! Look at the large school-house and the Esplanade, and the lots of boys and girls running out. I *do* like this better than Breslau and Berlin, and I shall like it almost as well as Castle Freiberg; but I forgot, I must not speak of that. Do come, Sergeant Christian, and look out; it's such a jolly, jolly, bright place! Shall I go to school there, and will sister Mary come too, to go to school?'

But Sergeant Christian was busy, and little Hermann had to put question, give answer, and satisfy his own curiosity as best he could.

By Christmas-time—for the snow flakes came early in November—the house on the Esplanade was ready—simple, cosy, and warm. Major von Zollwitz inhabited it with his nephew Hermann and Sergeant Christian; having added to the household but one comely female servant from the Torgau district. Christmas brought with it a visitor, a tall, dignified gentleman in a long black coat, called Professor Holmann, who shook hands silently with the major, nodded to Christian, and had long consultations with both, Christian always keeping respectful guard at the door. Christmas-day, that dear old time, when sorrow holds back for a day, when joy redoubles its intensity for a period, when in a material sense something like the universal harmony of love seems to reign, when children live in the heyday of pleasure and delight, mixed with undefinable secrets about presents—Christmas-day came also to that house near the Esplanade. The major and the professor talked and stood at the frozen window, looking out on the snowy landscape, and Christian made an effort to produce a Christmas-tree for Hermann. It was lit up in the evening. Hermann

began to clap his hands and enjoy the sight of the pretty playthings, but suddenly a whirl of sad remembrance rushed over his childish heart, and, running to Christian, with whom he always sought sympathy, he grasped with his little hands the old sergeant's big ones, sobbing out, 'Oh, Christian, Christian, but baby-sister Mary is not here, and papa and mamma are gone, and I am alone; oh, take me away from the bright tree; it makes me feel all the sadder!'

Hermann was carried, bitterly weeping, to bed; and that Christmas-day was over.

And time flew by, missing nothing, grasping in its concentrated littleness the existence of the atom, and kissing in its searching immensity the very confines of eternity; over the house in Torgau it also flew, breathing a mournful cadence as it hovered around its portals. With its fluttering wings Time neither swept the sorrow from the hearts of those men, nor did it stem the youthful bound of that child's spirit: still Time flew on, and brought in its sixth yearly round once more joyous Christmas-tide, dashing some flashes of hope into the bright room, that was lit up by another Christmas-tree. Around this tree sprang two children—Hermann, now ten years old, and sister Mary, nearly seven; gravely Major von Zollwitz stood by, complacently Professor Holman enjoyed the children's glee, and respectfully Sergeant Christian kept watch at the door.

Hover, hover, hover, great Spirit of Sympathy—great Spirit of Love!—hover, hover, hover round every human gathering on that birth-anniversary of the principle that influences the modern world, and that softens even the horrors of warlike struggles. What is the heroism, dictated by fear, pride, and ambition, of the old world—what is it to the love, brought to us by the divine harbinger, in its broad phases of sympathy? Have we as yet defined the mysterious essence of that power which, under the name of youthful love, causes the cheek of the maiden to blush, when she casts her modest glance on him who is beloved; which sends a thrill of concord into the heart of the friend whose hand we shake in mutual intercourse; which arouses our inward longings when the harmonious chords of sweet instruments strike on our ear; which sheds a soft radiance over the plainest countenance, and beauteous light over finer features, when our nerves are touched in unison with the written or painted thought of the poet's or painter's perception; which finally gathers into the mutely-speaking tear, when we see our fellow-beings in bodily or mental suffering? Oh, this mysterious sympathetic power, the outward expression of which among men that Divine Child brought to us near two thousand years ago! not the devotion of the supreme sacrifice at the end, but the tenderer passion of the child;—oh, let it hover here, and there, and everywhere: it may soften the dry crust, it may smooth the hard couch, and it may warm the naked limb; but above all it may pour one drop of Divine healcraft upon that most excru-

ciating pain, that intensest misery, a suffering soul, whose ills are not of bodily wants, but of the spirit—lost life, lost name, lost hope, lost friends, lost dear ones! Oh, Divine Healer! give strengthful balsam for them, and wrap them up in the mantle of universal love, brought on earth by our divine harbinger, the Christmas Child!

Hermann and Mary in Torgau—Torgau covered by the snowflakes, harbouring the memories of centuries, and proud and contented with its present position—Hermann and Mary danced round the tree of light, and gathered bright reminiscences from its bountifulness.

At play they were next day with their treasures between them; Hermann had a wonderful camp of Austrians and Prussians, and was again and again performing the battle of Torgau, knocking over his enemies with the utmost ease and bravery, winding up generally by a famous speech of King Fritz, when he found, after a doubtful night's suspense, that his old general had kept the field.

'But you shouldn't play at soldiers at Christmas,' said sweet little Mary. 'Aunt Augusta would say that it was wicked and un-Christian.'

'Nonsense! Professor Holmann knows better than Aunt Augusta, and he says that has nothing to do with it. It is in human nature, he told me only yesterday, to go to war; everybody tries to cut out everybody else all the year round, in a business-like way; and when lots of people want to cut out lots of other people, then it makes more noise, and they do it rather rougher, cutting at each other's throats instead of at each other's property; but business like it must be done, else it would be dishonest. And don't I do it right? Look, I give the Austrians fair play! Professor Holmann says the bigger nations will get, the less war we shall have. Why, we don't have half so many wars, Professor Holman says, as the old Greeks and Romans had; they were always at it. But you don't understand that; you are still a baby.'

'I am not a baby! Look here, I have christened my doll, Hermann, and the doll has had the fever, and it has died, and I buried it, and didn't cry a bit; for Aunt Augusta says I am a child that must learn to bear anything, for I shall have to do it one day, and I don't know what she means.'

'And you wouldn't cry a bit if I, your brother Hermann, were to die?'

'I don't know that; but I mustn't cry when my doll dies, because Aunt Augusta says I must learn to bear anything, and not be weak-minded like other people.'

'I think Aunt Augusta is a fool to put such things into a baby's head like yours, and I shall tell her so.'

'No you won't, because she is kind to me, and I shall take her part; and if you do, I won't cry when you really do die.'

'You hard-hearted little vixen! with your sweet doll's face, you are as bad as Aunt Augusta herself. Why, my soldiers are twice as

soft: they would all cry if they saw a brother die, suppose they had shot him themselves. I shall tell Professor Holmann how Aunt Augusta brings you up.'

'I don't care, I must learn to bear everything, and I mean to; you may try to frighten me. Look here, I have not a tear in my eye;' and Mary dragged her eyes open with both her little forefingers, as children are wont to do.

'Your bravery is all very well, but for a baby like you it is put on, and won't last, trust me; I am the boy for that, and I have promised Sergeant Christian never to swerve, never to be a coward, but to meet any trouble like an honest, brave man, and not give up. That is the right thing, not your false courage; I'll make you cry *now*, if you won't do it at my death, you cruel girl, and I will too.' Hermann rose up with threatening gestures; Mary screamed, and both rushed out of the room to Sergeant Christian for assistance and sympathy, always looking for it, and always finding it there.

Mary had been on a visit for Christmas, and Mary went again to her aunt Augusta in Breslau—her destiny being foreshadowed by that peculiar education of renunciation. Hermann remained in Torgau, and grew up under the guardianship of Major Zollwitz and Sergeant Christian, Professor Holmann coming now and then from Halle to see his young favourite.

Hermann went to school at the big school-house, and became the champion of his own set. He was beloved, he was disliked, he was feared; his masters left his reins freer play than those of any other boy in the school. For was he not Hermann Zollwitz, the most outspoken, true-hearted, undaunted boy in the place? 'Hurrah for Zollwitz' had long become a standard word among the boys! Hear him recite Kœrner's 'Black Brigade,' or Schiller's 'Diver'—it was splendid, and the sympathies of the boys rose to the pitch, to cry 'Hurrah for Zollwitz,' again and again.

But Hermann was the terror of cowards, and an explosion between one of them and him came one day. The boys were playing at ball before the school-house, and Captain Ernest's son, a big uncouth fellow of fourteen, had just taken advantage of and thrashed a wiry little boy of humbler parents, who came up crying to Hermann.

'Look here, Ernest, this won't do,' said Hermann, red with rage; 'it is disgraceful that a big fellow like you should hurt a little one merely for throwing a ball awkwardly.'

'It's not your business; I can do as I like, I suppose.'

'But it is my business; I am in the play, and Franz has appealed to me as his champion.'

'A fine champion you are!' sneered the Captain's son.

'Pray, what is against my championship, Mr. Ernest?' Hermann exclaimed in thundering tones, going up close to the coward's face, and holding his fist in ominous proximity to Ernest's nose.

'Your championship? Well, then, if people want to be champions for others, they ought first to have fathers and mothers that own them!' It cut sharp, and it cut quick, to the very flesh of Hermann Zollwitz; crack, crack, crack, thump, thump, thump, and Captain Ernest's son lay sprawling on the ground.

'Give in! give in!' cried the other boys; 'Zollwitz, don't, don't, please; you'll kill him.' Hermann wiped his brow, looked at his hands, and, standing over his antagonist, asked hoarsely—

'What did you mean, scoundrel, by that foul talk?'

'It isn't my fault,' whimpered the other in agony; 'I heard my mamma say that it was strange the Zollwitz children didn't seem to have father or mother.'

A final kick for his cowardly enemy, a final 'Hurrah for brave Zollwitz' from the boys, ended that day's work.

There was a shindy in the school. Captain Ernest's son was ill for a week; Hermann was reprimanded, and his uncle was privately told that he had better take such a fiery spirit away. On the evening of that self-same day, when the notice came, Major Zollwitz was sitting in the back room on the first floor, and Hermann, now grown to the age of fourteen, opposite him. Hermann tried to occupy himself, but it would not do; at last he seemed to gather courage, and looked up at the major with his big, honest eyes.

'Uncle William, you know all about it, and I think I am old enough now for you to tell me. Uncle, I don't know how to bring it out, for it chokes me almost—is there any dishonour on my father or mother?' Breathlessly Hermann awaited the answer.

The major passed his hand across his brow, thought for a moment, and then met Hermann's gaze.

'None to affect their children, my boy; what wrong they did was done in the heat of passion, and recoiled upon themselves. They have suffered—leave them alone—you may look the world straight in the face; but you must learn to curb that spirit, which wrought their misfortune. Learn to govern yourself.'

The major stroked his nephew's hair, and pressed him close to his heart.

Hermann was sent to Halle under Professor Holmann's care, and the youthful days were over.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD ENGLAND.

DIogenes, the Greek philosopher, looked more than 2,000 years ago for men in Athens with his lantern, and could find none; perhaps the old cynic had no eyes to see them. It requires spirit to find spirit, heart to

find heart, human love to find human love—like and like attract each other; a pig won't attract a butterfly, nor a sweep chaste and fair Diana. If you want to find humanity, sweet humanity, you must have eyes to seek it. Look round; you may see it in the little 'Echo' boy, who with naked feet calls after you—'It is me, sir, you always buy your "Echo" of, special, special,' and when you have attended to his urgent call, assures you that the fourpence-halfpenny he earns of a night goes to help mother and the two young 'uns, because father died in the work'us. You may find it in the brave schoolboy, who, when asked with formidable master's frown 'whether he broke that window?' boldly steps up to screen the lesser culprits and, sure of punishment, answers, 'I did it, sir.' You may find it in the scantily-dressed figure of the workman's wife as she drags home her drunken husband and persuades dear, cursing old John that it is best to go with her and not back to that tempting gin-palace. You may find it in the crusty old gentleman, who tells the troublesome street beggar to be off, but presses a shilling into his hand, regardless of the Vagrant Act. You may find it in the hospital, as the doctor bends over that sufferer's bed, forgetful of fees and guineas, only thinking of alleviating that man's ailment. You have found it there, go higher still and find its spirit. You may find it in the little child, as it reads its Sunday lesson, and asks gently—'Papa dear, shall I meet sister Anne up there?' You may find it in the first kiss, breathed modestly on the lover's lip. You may find it in the father's entranced look, as the news of the arrival of his first-born is brought to him; you may find it in the mother's face, as it glows at her son's praise; and you may find it in a higher sense still in the mind that attracts you—disregarding variety of nationality, difference of sex, disparity of age, inequality of circumstances, and that seeing with you, feeling with you, thinking with you, soars up with you into realms above those of earthly boundary, trying to bring down the Promethean spark of the soul's inspiration; when you have found that last, that sublime finality, then you have found the highest gift granted to man on this planet of ours.

Looking for humanity, sweet humanity, not with Diogenes' lantern but your own eyes, and moving with your finger straight from Torgau to the west, you see the University of Halle. Here is a large mark of that humanity; Halle teems with it and has built up a whole little town of its own on behalf of it. The university owes its existence to the principle of freedom of speech and conscience. Two hundred years ago there wandered into it Professor of Law, Thomasius, from the University of Leipzig, followed by many alumni. He founded a new chair here, and gathered around him men of a peculiar theology—strict pietists. But piety took a truly practical form in Halle, and when Francke joined the young university, first as orientalist, then as practical theologian, piety built up walls for homeless orphans, for neglected children: practical piety and sweet humanity thrived and

throve, and finally exhibited to the world up to our day one of the grandest institutions raised to its influence in the 'Franckonian foundation.'

The University of Halle had reckoned its age by little more than a hundred years, having during that time counted in its diadem of glory men of the first stamp, when the fell swoop of the invaders cast it under foot. Napoleon shut its doors, after that miserable battle of Jena, when Prussia succumbed to him. He turned off the students, and led the professors off as hostages. Halle never recovered from that blow; true, its doors were opened again, and its professors' chairs resuscitated, but it would not do, the bright era of full benches at lectures was gone. The professors proved too independent, the students restive under the foreign yoke, and Napoleon shut again its halls of learning and led away its professors to the Rhinelands; but another battle—that of Leipzig—changed all that, it cleared the German soil, and once more Halle opened wide its gates, receiving back professors and students as they returned from the teeming battle-fields. Halle came into favour; the Prussian kings heaped benefits on it; it grew, was incorporated with the University of Wittenberg, where poor Hamlet in anachronistic Shakespearianism is said to have studied and—for all that, never quite recovered that first period of renown.

The early September days of that month, when Torgau lay lurid in the yellow haze, had spread over Halle—the place was astir; the students swaggering, the professors teaching, the people buying and selling. Thought was at work and would take fantastic shapes here and there, and would gambol with men's fancies and women's loves, and thought had got into a nook at Halle, playing odd harmonies to the old, old tune of enthusiasm. Follow that spray of darkling September evening light into the room there in the old house near the market-hall, let your vision ride slantingly on it among the guests. A long room with shadowy haunts and odd corners, low ceiling and whispered reminiscences of bouts and meetings, songs and speeches *ad infinitum*. A dozen young men or so sit around, smoking, talking, reciting, laughing, gesticulating, and enjoying to their utmost the consciousness of life in their veins, life in their hearts, perhaps life in their heads. You hear again and again the refrain—

Edite, bibite, Collegiales,
Post multa secula, pocula nulla.

'What is the German's fatherland?' breaks in in stirring strains; 'Adé, Adé, my love, I must go!' follows it up; and one Stentorian voice exclaims—

'Where is he to-night? Where can Zollwitz be? Time is up, some one must take the chair.'

'Not yet, worth while to wait; there is none like him here.' And again those dozen bright spirits, with long flowing hair and loose

shirt-collars, begin the refrain of the most favoured student song. A hasty, light, but firm step, the door is pushed open, and Zollwitz enters.

'Late, Zollwitz,' they call out.

'Lights!' is the rejoinder. One younger than the others closes the shutters, brings lights, and the darkling shadows flee farther off to watch and to wait for the shapes they might cast off in grotesque fantasie.

Three times the hammer is knocked on the table, Zollwitz stands up and opens the proceedings.

'Enthusiasts, brothers, we can have but a short meeting to-night. I must take leave of you; I am going to England!

'What? What is the matter?'

'I have had a wiggling from my uncle, and I have got a threat in my pocket that if I continue to belong to liberty societies a complaint will be made to the rector. I have made speeches, I have led processions, I have sung and said that which shows I have no idea of state authority. I am being watched! I shall leave. I am determined to see if Europe still holds something of that old spirit of liberty, to let man talk and act like a free man—a free man by nature, a free man by thought, a free man by speech, and a free man by government. To Old England I go; if I cannot find this spirit where the shades of Saxon freedom waft over me, *pereat mundus Europaeus!* I'll go to America, to New England, and hunt the wild buffalo with the Red Indians—to be free, free, free!' And Zollwitz towered above his companions, who rose to a man.

Freiheit—liberty! Hoch!

Manneswerth—worth o' man! Hoch!

Frauenlieb—woman's love! Hoch!

The glasses clinked, the lights flickered, and the shadows danced frantically about, as they threw back the images on the walls.

'A ditty, a ditty!' they exclaimed. 'Who will sing to-night? Zollwitz, you must for the last time.'

Down went the hammer, and Zollwitz, throwing back his head, sang with glass in hand:

Sing to liberty, liberty, liberty,
Sing to liberty as your aim;
Sing to liberty, liberty, liberty,
Sing to liberty for your fame!
Hurrah!

Let but worth o' man, worth o' man, worth o' man,
Let but worth o' man fan your soul;
Let but worth o' man, worth o' man, worth o' man,
Let but worth o' man be your goal!
Hurrah!

Give to woman dear, woman dear, woman dear,
 Give to woman dear, love, her right!
 Give to woman dear, woman dear, woman dear,
 Give to woman love, holy, bright!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

And the chorus joined, the chorus shouted, the Enthusiasts embraced, singing again and again—

Give to woman dear, woman dear, woman dear,
 Give to woman love, holy, bright.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The climax had been reached, the spirits sank; the singer, the leader, the inspiration of the Enthusiasts' Club must go; no one dared even question Zollwitz's resolution: to them what he did was well done, whatever the old major and the rector might think.

'But what will Professor Holmann say about your going?' asked some.

'Say? Let me go; he will not stop me; but let me work out my own way, trusting to me. Besides, he is away just now.'

'Professor Holmann, Hoch!' was the next toast.

'I have written to my uncle, and I have written to the rector, that I must get away. Study on, brothers, study on, and keep your enthusiasm fresh and undefiled: *my* soul is too ardent for this. I must go and work, and learn what the world is made of. I am drawn over, by some unseen power, some undefined sympathy; I must see England!'

Zollwitz sat down, shaded his eyes, and waved his hand.

They understood him, they left; so noisy before, so still now. The lights flickered, the shadows crept to rest, and Zollwitz was left alone—alone with the longings of his own burning heart.

The 'Concordia' from Hamburg was steaming up the Thames, and Hermann Zollwitz paced its deck; he looked a little strange among those self-absorbed people, with their big and little desires and wants, their calculations and speculations. All along the flat borders of the river he stared at every point that attracted his attention; it seemed to him as if he entered the 'Promised Land.' Restlessly he moved about, occupied but with one desire to tread that earth, to know that people, which from boyhood had had so strange a fascination for him.

The faint struggling light of a dusky Sunday evening in September flitted round the old Palace of Greenwich, lifting, as it were, the grey stone building from the depths of the darkling waters, and fringing its hilly background with the leafy shadows of the rising park. When the 'Concordia' passed, Hermann Zollwitz threw at once the force of his whole imagination into peopling those historical precincts. All the lore he had gathered for years spoke to him out of this first

monument of English political life, and he would have given something could he at once have jumped on shore. His bright, noble face glowed with enthusiasm, and some of the matter-of-fact passengers smiled as they passed him on their up and down turns. Farther on the Tower was reached, and almost passed before Zollwitz saw it. A feeling of disappointment laid hold of him; he had believed to see some stately building, as the home of so many bright and dark pages of England's history, and, he saw nothing but some dull-looking mean turrets, and try as he would, even his imagination could not at once fasten itself round those precincts to people them with the mighty folks of the past.

The 'Concordia' moored alongside, and Zollwitz, after the necessary preliminaries, was whirled away in a cab to an hotel near Blackfriars Bridge. Soon snugly settled, he chose a bedroom with a look-out over the Thames, and rested; his portmanteau near him unopened, the waiter's demands about refreshment unanswered.

Zollwitz had no eye or ear for anything else but that river below him, but that life around him—the half-stillness of Sunday night lending his surroundings a peculiar charm. Zollwitz sat and looked, the shadows gathered deeper, and he sat still and saw not the misery, the penury, the want, the crime, the degradation, the greed, the ugly human shapes of the great, the mighty city around him; he heard not the stifled cough, the low wail, the beggar's whine, the drunkard's curse, the profligate's profane speech, the prostitute's importunities, the thief's plans, the murderer's desperate resolve—he saw none and heard none of these; to him the city there lying off the old river Thames, the city where Shakespeare and Milton had lived, where Elizabeth had ruled, where the right of national freedom had been maintained with the sword, where even now a free national assembly existed, in which Hampden, Chatham, and Fox had once spoken, to him a golden aureola surrounded those dark houses, a bright effervescence shone on the gas-reflecting waves of that sombre river, and some inward voice seemed to tell him that here, in this men's wilderness, he would find the acme of his desires! Low he bent his head, it fell on his arm as it rested on the open window; a distant evening bell chimed somewhere, and fluttering across his inner unexplained consciousness came the memories of the day at Castle Freiberg, when papa and mamma came no more, and he wept with Christian. And there, among the distant, dark masses, something drew him onward, as if the key-note to that early grief was hidden there!

Zollwitz dreamt on, but his nature soon exhausted itself. He roused himself, stood up, and, in the full vigour of a noble, ardent nature, resolved to find here his fate!

[*To be continued.*]

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

WHILE most of the distinguished authors of France have spoken, in different tones, about the present war, one pleasant voice is notably silent. M. Renan is calm and argumentative; M. Victor Hugo is passionately eloquent; M. About—perhaps it is better not to try to characterise the utterances of M. About; but Théophile Gautier holds his peace. He is consistent, if not very patriotic, and busies himself no more with politics now than when, as a boy, he published his first volume of verses in the tumult of the revolution of July; or when he passed the year 1848 in polishing his ‘Émaux et Camées.’

Our English carelessness about foreign literature does injustice to no one more than to M. Gautier: about him our ignorance is at its deepest. De Musset came to us with the interest of a hero of romance: one episode alone of his life furnished material for three novels. We felt that he was akin to Chatterton, to Keats, to Shelley, to all the inheritors of unfulfilled renown. His poetry has the direct fire of passion, his novel deals with real life, acutely felt in pleasure and sorrow. In the same way the political life of Lamartine gave interest to his poems; the sombre genius of Baudelaire was unrecognised till death brought his strange character into relief; the fame of Sainte-Beuve is that of the scholar rather than of the poet. M. Gautier is neither a man of romantic experience nor a politician, nor, in any wide sense, a scholar. Yet his life is pleasant to read of, for it has been passed in the main current of French Art, and he himself has told his experiences gracefully and modestly. He has seen Balzac devour his favourite food, sardines and bread and butter, and then stretch his huge limbs in the short sleep which he allowed himself. He has sat at the banquets of the great novelist, where there was every food that man could desire, but the bread was forgotten; he has watched by the ‘mattress grave’ of Heinrich Heine; he has smoked opium with Charles Baudelaire; and lent poor Murger the *louis* of which he was always in search.

The character, too, of M. Gautier is worth study, for in him a peculiar geniality and gaiety has conquered that ‘strange disease of modern life,’ that *ennui* and sadness which never left De Senancour and Chateaubriand. In him the malady took the strangest form, and he has left materials for a psychological study of a melancholy more *bizarre* than any in the collection of Burton. But after all it is less for himself and

for his recollections than for his art that M. Gautier deserves to be known. The love of beauty for itself is the motive of his work, and lives in every development of his genius. As a poet he deals less with passion than emotion and sentiment: to him as to Wordsworth clouds and flowers are dear as sources of thoughts deep, melancholy, and tender; but he finds beauty in places untrodden by the pious feet of the elder singer, and bestows a care far greater on form and melody. As a novelist he does not deal with common every-day life; to make us forget the world as it is, to take us into a world of pure phantasy is his aim. Among characters and scenes like those of modern life he throws some element of difference, and the story becomes real and vivid from the clearness of the writer's vision and the perfection of his style; dream-like from the change in all relations, the absence of all limits to what may possibly happen; the absence also of all moral. We live as in a dream, calmly interested and secure from surprise, among events and characters vaguely felt to be wildly surprising. To the task of criticism, and it is as a critic that he is best known even in France, M. Gautier brings his unwearied geniality, his fluency, his power of appreciation. He sees the work of art, as he sees human life, in a magic mirror of his own. His criticism adds new elements of beauty to the picture or the play he criticises. To the reader the object of criticism, however familiar, becomes another thing, a source of fresh delight; as real life itself is transfigured, removed into a purer atmosphere of pleasure, by the touch of the poet. Yet there are not wanting traces that his profession of critic is not altogether to his liking, that he still remembers the time when he scoffed at the *métier de feuilletonniste*. One of his most graceful little poems, 'Après le Feuilleton,' is a hymn of delight at having finished his article:

Avec mes vieux rêves pour hôtes
 Je boirai le vin de mon cru :
 Le vin de ma propre pensée,
 Vierge de toute autre liqueur,
 Et que, par la vie écrasée,
 Répand la grappe de mon cœur.

It would be of course a mistake to suppose that the qualities, which we have attempted to sketch, of the Gautier of to-day, have always been the same. The author of 'Romans et Contes,' innocent and charming fantasies, is no longer the young gentleman who wrote 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' and was 'as sad as night, for very wantonness.' 'Les Émaux et Camées' are the work of a genius greatly altered since the composition of 'Albertus;' and the refined critic of 1870 is a different man from the novelist who, in 1834, was so severe an enemy of journalism. The influence of various schools, of time, experience, and travel have changed M. Gautier, and as in every stage of his career his work is an expression of his personality, to appreciate his genius we require some knowledge of his history.

Théophile Gautier was born at Tarbes in 1811; his youth was therefore spent in that sad time of exhaustion in France; of scepticism and *ennui* which De Musset has described in his 'L'Enfant du Siècle.' The circumstances of his age and country affected Gautier, as they affected Sainte-Beuve, De Musset, Chateaubriand, with a peculiar melancholy. The French have a name for this evil, more common perhaps among them than with us, *La Maladie de René*. It is the result of want of faith—a want of faith natural to a generation which had seen almost every possible experiment in the science of human life tried, which keenly remembered the dreams and delusions of the Revolution, which had watched each experiment fail, each dream disappear, while the Bourbons and 'the white terror' were restored, and the things that should be seemed to repeat the things that had been. In such an age, men turn from their own dissatisfaction to look on human life as a whole. Everywhere they see the same failure; through the vast desert of time our race seems to pass, and to sink without trace in the sands. All hopes have been frustrated, we sin as our fathers sinned, and sleep as they sleep: all creeds have at first been bright in promise, and the same twilight of the gods has fallen on the younger as on the elder faiths. In this wide and cheerless vision, the existence of individuals grows dwarfed and worthless. We are so frail and fleeting that our life seems scarcely worthy to be partaken of. Our desires, vague and vast as they originally are, meet in all nature with no permanent object in which to rest. For one who has realised this idea of human life and who has lost all faith in a Divine government and a Divine event there remain but few resources. He may make his own sadness an object to him, and deck it with graces of poetic language. 'Mon chagrin était devenu une occupation qui remplissait tous mes moments,' says Chateaubriand's René. To such a character nature will be a friend and a comforter, quiet and lovely in all her changes, silently and graciously enduring the lot of corruption and birth. Thus we find Obermann passing his days in wandering among the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, 'drawing the quiet night into his blood,' and soothing his fever with the cool hill winds, the scents and sounds of the pine forests. So, too, we find René climbing the summit of Etna, and 'weeping over the mortals whose abodes were scarcely visible,' as indeed he had through all his life 'before his eyes a creation at once immense and imperceptible, an abyss ever open beneath his feet.'

A more practical anodyne is that of Art. Whatever in the world be fleeting, beauty at least is fair for a season, and Art, rendering that beauty at once permanent and refined, gives vividness and endurance to existence. It was to Art, then, that Théophile Gautier devoted himself with a devotion which has never been shaken, though it has taken different forms of worship under the influence of different schools. At first, like many men who have distinguished themselves in letters, like

Goethe and Thackeray, he wished to become a painter. His studies left traces in his style, especially in his criticism; but he soon deserted painting for another art, whose instrument he employs with natural grace and mastery. His first volume of poems, published in 1830, showed more promise in their form than in their matter, but they were the means of introducing him to the company of writers who were at that moment giving a new stimulus and direction to French literature. Under the guidance of Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo a new school had risen, the school of Romanticism, which in its origin and history has so many resemblances to our English Pre-Raffaellitism. The friends of Hugo looked back from the so-called classic poetry of Racine and Corneille to the earlier songs and singers of France; in them they found more of truth and passion, of melody and variety. The old French, and the old French metres, a language and a form of verse more apt for poetic expression than the speech of the *grand siècle*, attracted them; as the early efforts of Italian painting—quaint, fresh, and earnest—attracted Hunt and Rossetti. There was a Romantic as in the sixteenth century there had been a Classic revival. The beauty of sacred art was recognised by artists who lacked the belief; a Mediæval sadness, an ascetic pallor, took the place of the roses and lilies of Greuze. Poets deserted the Alexandrine metre for the many melodies of Ronsard, of Villon, and Eustache Deschamps; they despised the ‘unities,’ they exaggerated passion, and Medea, or at least Lucretia Borgia, began to slay her children and lovers *coram populo*.

The influence of the first is very clearly traceable in M. Gautier's second volume of poems, ‘Albertus,’ and ‘La Comédie de la Mort.’ Of the first of these the author confesses:

J'en prévins les mères de famille
Ce que j'écris n'est pas pour les petites filles,
Dont on coupe le pain en tartines.—Mes vers
Sont des vers de jeune homme.

‘Albertus’ is a story of *diablerie*, lustful, terrible, grotesque, like the carvings of an old cathedral. ‘La Comédie de la Mort,’ too, owes part of its inspiration to the Middle Ages. M. Gautier's genius, naturally glad and *débonnaire*, fond of beauty as a Greek might have been, and careless of the morrow, is darkened by contemplation of the Mediæval idea of death. The Deaths that Holbein loved to design dance through the poetry of Romanticism. Heine liked to bring in the grim figure, and our own Oxford poet, Beddoes, wrote ‘Death's Jest-book,’ and revelled in ‘every age, every fashion, and figure of death.’ So in ‘La Comédie’ the poet wanders on *le jour des Morts*, in a Parisian cemetery, among the forgotten crosses where no wreath is laid, and the long grass of graves where now no one comes to weep. The unremembered dead arise around him: Don Juan with a ghastly gaiety like that of

the 'Vision of Sin;' Faust weary of knowledge; and Napoleon 'who can tell what glory is.'

Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter
At sight of all these poor old dead?

There is a note of modern mockery amid the Mediæval gloom, and after all the moral is the Greek one.

Hâtons-nous, hâtons-nous; votre vie, ô Théone,
Est un cheval ailé que le Temps éperonne.
Hâtons-nous d'en user.

Not good for edification, but edification was never the aim of M. Gautier's art.

He proved this, and made his mark a permanent one in French literature, by the publication, in 1834, of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' This book, in spite of its perfect and alluring style, is not a pleasant one to read or to write about. It is perhaps best described in the author's own words as 'the child of "Werther" and of "Manon Lescaut"'—sad and unsatisfied as Goethe's, voluptuous and graceful as Prévost's romance. A young man, D'Albert, tells in letters to a friend the story of his *ennui*, his wretched life, his vague desires. These letters are sad as those of Obermann, but with a difference. D'Albert does not despair because he is without faith or hope, desolate and un comforted. He has no regret, because Christianity is for him as if it had never been. His melancholy arises from the impossibility of attaining such complete enjoyment of perfect beauty—such unbroken delight of colour and clear air—such strength and mastery of sensuous life, as his unmeasured desires suggest. He is consumed with love of the ideal and the impossible. 'If thou comest too late, ah my Ideal, I shall have no more power to love thee. My heart is as a dovecote full of doves; every hour of the day some desire takes wing, but the doves return to their home, and my desires return not to my heart. The blue of heaven is white with their innumerable swarms, they flit through space from world to world, from sky to sky. Some love they seek to dwell with through the night: hasten, ah! hasten my love, lest thou find flown birds and a forsaken nest.' For passionate desire of what may be D'Albert cannot partake of his life as he finds it. 'In me is a mingled host of confused desires; others are born and the old desires devour them. My desires are a flock of birds that swarm and flit, but your love is an eagle with his eyes on the sun.' The emotion is the same, with all its apparent difference, as that of Clough:

Would I could wish my wishes all to rest
And know to wish the wish that were the best.

One more quotation will make the character of D'Albert more intelligible. 'Something attracts and calls him which is not of this

world, nor in this world ; and, like the heliotrope in a cave, he strives to turn his eyes to that sun which he cannot see. His soul is one which has drunk too scant a draught of the water of Lethe before it was wedded to his body ; and which keeps memories that trouble and torture it of that eternal beauty beheld in the heaven which is its home.' Thus D'Albert attempts to join himself to those

Children of the second birth
Whom this world could not tame.

But his heaven, it must be confessed, is rather that of Islam than of Plato ; and if, like the philosopher of the 'Phædrus,' he seeks reminiscences of celestial beauty among the beautiful women of this world, it is only in this regard that his loves are Platonic. 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' in fact, is the history of 'a glorious devil, large in heart and brain, that did love beauty only,' and reaped in *ennui* and discontent the reward of such love.

So far there have been two distinct periods in the development of M. Gautier's genius. In the first, as he himself says in a later poem, 'Pensée de Minuit,'

My poetry, a child in childlike grace,
With floating hair and boddice loose of lace,
With wild oats in her hand,
Brave in her necklace light of pearly dew,
Her robe that in the sun took shifting hue,
Went singing through the land.

To this early gaiety succeeded a time of sadness, of feverish search for pleasure, expressed in 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' M. Gautier had not yet found his vocation. It was not till 1836 that Balzac sought him out, and employed him on the staff of 'La Chronique de Paris.' From that time his *métier* was fixed. He became a member of a most brilliant and interesting society, of which Balzac was the centre. Of this time of youth and mirth he delights to speak in the biographies of the artists whom he has known and survived. In this attachment to the Bohemia of letters, M. Gautier reminds one, as in some other respects, of Mr. Thackeray. The English Bohemia is staid and less picturesque : its Back Kitchen, with its songs and pipes, is colourless compared with the gatherings of critics, painters, actresses, who met to sup and smoke *haschisch*, in Lauzun's old Hôtel Pimodan. 'An honest Philistine would have been alarmed at the sight of those long-haired, bearded guests, brandishing daggers of the sixteenth century, Malay kreeses, Spanish navajas, and bending over dishes to which the flicker of swinging lamps gave a strange and suspicious appearance.' The Hôtel Pimodan, with its tapestries, secret stairs, old carvings, was the play-ground of Romanticism.

Novelists lived among the scenes which they described, enjoyed, and laughed at. Charles Baudelaire brought his paradoxes, Madame de

Girardin her gracious wit, Balzac his colossal extravagance. He persuaded himself that he had the power of divining the places where old treasures were buried, and organised an expedition, in which M. Gautier was to take part, in search of Spanish gold. The scheme failed for want of money, among other things, and Balzac had to content himself with describing impossible luxury in his novels.

The same taste, so conspicuous in Edgar Poe, shows itself in M. Gautier's tale of 'Fortunio.' 'Ouida,' with all her daring, has never painted scenes so splendid, or revelry so reckless; while the humour that mocks its own creation is worthy of Thackeray, and the irony has the very tone of the lighter wit of 'Vanity Fair.' If literary parallels were not as worthless as their historical brethren, it would not be difficult to show many points of resemblance between the English and the French novelist. Both originally attempted painting; both continued lovers and critics of art. Both have the same kind memories of the happy time of youth and smoke and song, and both retain a sadness not altogether dissimilar, though that of Thackeray is more openly displayed. Both, too, have been, if not in the strictest sense, scholars, men of wide reading in literature. Thackeray's love of the reign of Queen Anne has its counterpart in Gautier's study of that of Louis XIII.; and if Thackeray has reproduced in 'Esmond' the grave diction, the manners and style of the Augustan age, Gautier's 'Capitaine Fracasse' is a series of pictures in the style of the seventeenth century. These resemblances are curious, if not very essential, though M. Gautier's most ardent admirers could scarcely claim for him the supreme place of Thackeray.

The later history of M. Gautier is the uneventful story of a successful and accepted author. He has travelled in Spain, Italy, and Africa, bringing back graceful songs, and sketches of foreign manners and scenery. He was completely cured, by occupation, by change, by society and success, of the melancholy humours of René. So we are all 'well betrayed' into interest in the world, and forget the too wide survey and the old despair; learn to 'take short views,' and to partake of our life. M. Gautier has given scope to his natural gaiety, his intense appreciation of beauty of art and nature. Politics he considers an affair for 'National Guards;' he 'would willingly resign his civic rights as the price of seeing a pretty woman, or a picture by Raphael.'

Il est dans la nature, il est de belles choses,
Des rossignols oisifs, des paresseuses roses,
Des poètes rêveurs et des musiciens
Qui s'inquiètent peu d'être bons citoyens.

It is thus that he defends his right to live as the lilies of the field. Can people, who constantly find fault with M. Hugo and with Mr. Ruskin for busying themselves with politics and society, blame M. Gautier for his *insouciance*?

In strict accordance with his philosophy, the later poems of M. Gautier are more elaborate and less passionate than his earlier works. The songs he wrote in Spain have none of the ardour of De Musset's 'Andalouse and Juana.' Here is an attempt to translate :

LETRILLA.

Wherefore, child, so brave to-day,
Necklaces upon your breast,
Ribbons in your sandals gay,
A key of silver at your waist ?

Though the hills be white with snow,
Spring's eyes smile at eyes of ours,
And I seek the vale below,
Wonder if the jasmine flowers !

Spring or winter, for my part,
Flowers or buds, are one to me,
Such a grief is in my heart
Such pain keeps me company.

'Le Nuage,' 'Les Yeux bleus de la Montagne,' 'Dans la Sierra,' are all hymns to different orders of beauty or grandeur in Nature. 'Ribiera' is a criticism in verse, expressing the very spirit of the sombre painter of 'Mary in Egypt.' The 'Thébaïde' recognises the pale and ascetic refinement of the spiritual life. 'Barcarolle,' admirably imitated by Mr. Swinburne, yields to no song in modern French for music and pathetic gaiety. 'Pastel' renders within delicate conditions of limit the same sadness as breathes in Villon's 'Song of Dead Ladies.' It is not Flora and 'Echo beheld of no man,' that Gautier regrets, but the beauties of Boucher's date.

PASTEL.

I love you yet in your settings quaint,
Faces of ladies, lovely and dead ;
The flowers in your hands are faded and faint ;
'Tis a hundred years since their bloom was shed.

The wind of winter touching your cheek
Has made your roses and lilies die ;
But patches are never so far to seek
On the mouldy quays where your portraits lie.

The empire of beauty has passed away :
The Pompadour and the Parabère
Would find no lovers to rule to-day :
They sleep in the tomb, and Love's buried there.

But you, sweet faces that men forget,
You breathe at the flowers whose scent has fled,
And sadly you smile, who are smiling yet,
At the thought of your lovers so long time dead.

The 'Hymn to Sleep' is in a different key; it is as graceful in its Greek stateliness and quiet as Mr. Arnold's 'Strayed Reveller.' Pensiveness, moderation, refinement, are the notes of M. Gautier's more mature poems, and these especially characterise 'Les Émaux et Camées,' his latest collection of verses, published in 1852. In these he takes an emotion or a sentiment, of sadness or pleasure, of beauty, or of that mystic correspondence and interweaving of all nature, and exhibits the feeling in artistic form and completeness. 'Affinities secrètes' recalls, in its mystic melody, one of Mr. Rossetti's songs, 'I have been here before.'

Vous devant qui je brûle et tremble,
Quel flot, quel frontier, quel rosier,
Quel dôme nous connut ensemble,
Perle ou marbre, fleur ou ramier?

It is obvious that M. Gautier is, like his pupil Charles Baudelaire, 'a poet of the school of art.' He has no lyric cry; he does not lay his heart open to the world like De Musset, like Byron; he does not relieve his passion and his sadness in stormy gusts of song. To him the emotion is only the matter of the poem, and art the form; it is that his art may be perfect, may at once express pleasurably, and gracefully conceal the too naked truth of feeling, that he labours.

Comme un vase d'albâtre où l'on cache un flambeau,
Mettez l'idée au fond de la forme sculptée,
Et d'une lampe ardente éclairez le tombeau.

Poetry of this kind can never compete in popularity with the spontaneous utterance of passion. Its charm lacks in universality what it gains in refinement; perhaps we ought only to allow ourselves to enjoy its more intimate pleasures when we are sure of the knowledge of the grander art of universal genius, of Shakespeare and Homer. Such as it is, M. Gautier is a master of it; there is no shade of emotion or of beauty so delicate that he cannot express it in artistic form. Examples of this may notably be found in 'Contralto,' 'Tristesse en Mer,' 'Ce que disent les Hirondelles;' but the whole volume of 'Émaux et Camées' is a treasure-house of quiet pleasure.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to criticise M. Gautier's shorter tales. Both volumes are collections of fantasies, the 'nouvelles' of a more luxurious, passionate, and morbid, the 'Romans et Contes' of a more innocent, character. The latter indeed is the only one of M. Gautier's fictions of which it is *not* necessary to warn the mothers of families that it is not written '*pour les petites filles*.' It is as harmless as Erckmann-Chatrian's novels.

Since this essay was written an article has appeared in the 'Spectator,' asserting that the writings of M. Gautier 'prevent good people from sympathising with France.' The charge of the 'Spectator' is mainly based on 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' We cannot agree with

the 'Spectator' that this book could, in England at least, be a mischievous one. Its *sentiments* can excite in Englishmen only wonder and disgust, and the hope that they are partly paradoxical, partly a reaction against the utilitarian school of criticism. The real danger of M. Gautier's writings is best expressed in the words of one who was no prude—Charles Baudelaire: 'The immoderate taste for beauty leads men to monstrous and unheard-of disorders. In minds absorbed by a frantic passion for the lovely, the grotesque, the beautiful, all notions of truth and justice disappear. The lust for art is a cancer which devours the rest of the moral nature.' And as to paradox, he says, with truth and force, 'what the mouth becomes accustomed to say, the heart learns to believe.' It is in view of such possible results of exclusive study of art that this strange puritan declares he could wish, like Mr. Carlyle's friend, that the 'devil would fly away with the fine arts.'

ANDREW LANG.

SHELLEY'S HEART.

TO EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

'What surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt.'—Trelawny's 'Recollections of Shelley.'

TRELAWNY'S hand, which held'st the sacred heart,
 The heart of Shelley, and hast felt the fire
 Wherein the drossier framework of that lyre
 Of heaven and earth was molten—but its part
 Immortal echoes always, and shall dart
 Pangs of keen love to human souls, and dire
 Ecstatic sorrow of joy, as higher and higher
 They mount to know thee, Shelley, what thou art—
 Trelawny's hand, did then the outward burn
 As once the inward? O cor cordium,
 Which *wast* a spirit of love, and now a clot,
 What other other flame was wont to come
 Lambent from thee to fainter hearts, and turn—
 Red like thy death-pyre's heat—their lukewarmth hot!

WM. M. ROSSETTI.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT ON ART IN COMMON LIFE.

IN the forenoon of December 14, 1861, I stood before Windsor Castle, anxious to know the state of the royal patient then so near death; and I stood there with that peculiar strain round the region of the heart which forebodes no good. The December sun had come out in undue splendour and was lighting up the noble Castle, its ivy-covered towers, and the scanty foliage around it. The scene was tempting in the extreme: the very gravel path leading to the Castle seemed to point to hope up there; and yet I experienced that same uneasy feeling, as I looked round and saw the Prince Consort's own harriers breaking out from a side gate. I can scarcely describe the rush of sentiment that overcame me at that moment; the hounds pressed along, and I fancied they looked homeless and masterless, unconscious as they were of this condition. As they passed me I became more apprehensive of evil tidings, and no assurance from the lodge-keeper that his Royal Highness was better would give me comfort. Peaceful the Castle lay enshrined in the December sun—dull and sombre toned the heavy single bell the next morning from St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is now nearly ten years since that December forenoon, and the man who went then to rest has had his share of long and severe mourning in the hearts of those nearest and dearest to him; but in that career of his—cut short by half its length—were elements that have worked their way so unostentatiously yet surely that the very rich fruit they have borne may have hidden the blossom it sprang from, and allowed us to forget endeavours that sowed an abundant seed for good in British soil.

The flattery bestowed upon the memory of a man in high position would be a worthless tribute to one whose real influence we hope, if ever so slightly, to sketch, and if we approach this subject, it is with a desire to foster the germ of every great purpose, wherever we may meet with it.

That climate has to do a great deal with the development of artistic taste in any country is evident to those who search for the true origin of a people's cultivation in natural causes; November fogs, March

winds, and a moist atmosphere create rather the desire for comfort in our surroundings, to keep these very formidable foes out, than a love for the merely beautiful, independent of the material solace we may derive from it. The warmth of Gothic architecture, the snugness of mullioned Tudor windows, the interior richness of our old churches, speak for the national search after beauty and comfort, and from their outward signs we must deduce the way in which to lead true national taste. It is a fallacy to say that the English people have no taste, and that nothing English bespeaks it; there has been so much foreign taste, adapted only to various foreign ideas, thrown upon us, that these non-indigenous growths have brought forth incongruous conceptions about taste, utterly at variance with peculiar national requirements. The moisture of our climate has produced our own deep verdant dress of nature; among the thick leaves, the soft greensward, the heavy wood copses and picturesque parks we find the red Elizabethan houses or the gray old castles, the cheerful cottage, and sometimes still the old thatched huts, and these proclaim as much the existence of English taste, and, in being depicted, of English art, as the stones of Venetian palaces proclaim Venetian art.

The *form* of art we must study in those representations left us by ancient artistic nations in which we find it identified with the peculiar character and civilisation of those nations; only when the form renders the characteristics truthfully is it edifying to learn the lesson taught. Great artists have at all times embodied in their creations the truth of a realised idea that will adapt itself to natural circumstances, or to the epoch of the spiritual life of their period. If we, however, study the *form* in art of those gone before us, we must only do so in order to realise its veracity and beauty, and then apply this form to the character of our own idiosyncrasy, our own time and country. It was the fashion to say much about high art, and is the fashion even now; but high art varies everywhere, and can only exist in the highest degree when it depicts the effect of powerful or highly individualised human emotions, of the pure grace of the human form, or of the grandest and loveliest spots in nature, wherever they can be found. To give these pre-eminent degrees of excellence the most truthful expression, with the most consummate skill of artistic manipulation, is high art. Great individual characters, most powerful historical periods, most lovely human forms and attractive scenes of nature, you may find, according to peculiar character, surely also in England. The appreciation of these excellences, the adaptation of excellence to daily life, is the artistic taste of a nation; the more representations of these national excellences we place before the people in any shape, the more we cultivate its love of the beautiful, that will accord with its own desires and longings—that will come home to it, will be nurtured among it, and elevate its tendency of life. The sight of the art representations of other peoples and climes can teach us their

idiosyncrasy either in character or nature, but cannot identify itself with that inward consciousness engendered by home subjects.

If any man would influence a nation's artistic taste, it must not be by importing foreign models but by creating them at home or reproducing those already created for larger circulation. The Athenians placed at one time beautiful statues about their public roads, that the sight of them might direct the common people to love true art—just as we would in passing admire the beauties of a well laid-out English garden or park; and if among the Greeks it was a 'sight for the gods' to behold lovely Phryne bathe her symmetrical body in the waters of the Saronian Gulf, near Eleusis, it is a 'sight for the Gods' in our time to see a well-dressed workman with his young English wife and rosy child start forth for a walk on a soft June Sunday morning. No author has laboured more to give us correct ideas about the various natural developments of peoples and their tastes than the German Herder in his 'Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind,' and if we follow those laws always given us by Mother Nature in conscious wisdom of her capabilities, we may in any nation, that will but apply itself to the realisation of her pure principles, produce a desire to create the impersonation of beauty according to its own individual requirements, guiding that desire by the rules followed in the execution of *form* in other ages and by other peoples.

If the late Prince Consort, of whose influence we wish here to speak, fostered these true ideas of national art, we shall easily perceive it by the power of life they have produced, and by the indication whether the encouragement he gave to public institutions and private artists, or the individual artistic creations he attempted, raised standards by which others can be guided. It would be false judgment to expect in the late Prince Consort a patron of art in the style of the Popes of the Middle Ages, the Medici, the Italian Republics, the French Kings, and German Emperors: they gave heavy sums to single artists of the highest genius, mostly feeding at the same time their own eyes, in exclusive artistic voluptuousness, on the productions of their protégés, or raising themselves into saint-worship as the fosterers of art for the nation's benefit. That time has gone by; our artists are prouder in submitting to the public verdict; and the higher, men like the late Prince Consort, have formed public taste, the more safely will an artist be able to leave his productions in the hands of the public.

The late Prince Consort had in his soul the ring of the true artistic metal, according to national requirements; he did not merely admire Greek purity of art, laud imitations of Mediæval tastes, and import foreign productions, but he bestirred himself earnestly and perseveringly to encourage every effort of any tendency that might lead to that very desirable end, the improvement of everyday life in all stations, the raising up higher aims of interest and pleasure, and the sweeping off the debasing desires of mere animal gratification, so

strongly exemplified in our country by the continual craving for alcoholic strength, administered to the weary nervous system—weary with actual bodily or mental exertion, and greedily asking for refreshing stimulants of some kind, be they spirituous or spiritual.

Ten years had the late Prince Consort resided among the English nation, when his earnest desire to further the national development of art, taste, and industry caused him to lend his strongest support to the realisation of the first Exhibition in 1851. His contact with many artistic and scientific men had been frequent, and greatly he appreciated this intercourse, expressed in his own telling words, that the sensitiveness of an artist should ever be guarded from every rough touch which might perhaps destroy the growth of some noble idea in its beginning. Tender care he bestowed on all such subjects, but more than that did his full, ardent energies assist in producing the complete success of that Exhibition, which shone upon our practical and utilitarian English public like some fairy dream of the 'Arabian Nights,' and which had such sound results in the future intercourse between the nations, and exercised such ennobling influences upon all those that entered into its spirit. That the Prince Consort placed its usefulness on a very high standard can be gathered from his speech while presiding at the Royal Agricultural Society of that year:

'Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which indeed all history points—the realisation of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities.'

Not only did the Prince identify the Exhibition as a conducive medium to such high results, but he pointed out the way how science and art were the producers of those very articles that attracted the attention of the world:

'Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter, which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge. Art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance to them.'

Further, he exemplified these principles:

'Whilst science discovers and teaches these laws (of nature), art teaches their application. No pursuit is therefore too insignificant not to be capable of becoming the subject both of a science and an art.'

Wherever these principles can be applied there will arise something like taste in a national form in its application to daily requirements, the very wisest use that can be made of both almost amounting to the beauty of a religious influence on our life.

Representative art in painting, that vehicle so well adapted to convey to us the embodiment of every human and natural grace, received at the hands of the Prince its proper position in the influence on our mental development.

'Art,' he says, when opening the Manchester Exhibition, 'is the purest expression of mental and religious culture, and of general civilisation, of any age or people.'

And here we would say that we find in the exertions of the late Prince Consort none of those clumsy endeavours to crowd upon one point heaps of art effects. Oh that there existed no large picture galleries! It may seem a paradox, but we cling to it, that the crowding of art effects of every kind, high and low, ancient and modern, spiritual and realistic, leads many minds into a greater chaos of artistic ideas than they were in before they entered those galleries and learnt to chat so glibly on Rubens, Murillo, Raffaele, the Dutch school, and Heaven knows what. Oh for the delight to stand but before one great picture and drink in all its beauty, all that artist's soul, and dip the wings of your own imagination into the workings of that painter's mind!

It is pure sacrilege to go about staring at works that have cost so much of human power to bring forth, and the artistically wise warily see but that which they wanted to study in such large art-gatherings.

When presiding at the British Association at Aberdeen in 1859, the Prince showed his full appreciation of that disseminating influence brought about in science and art by the contact of various minds in the words:

'To me science, in its most general and comprehensive acceptation, means the knowledge of what I know, the consciousness of human knowledge.

'This is not the thoughtful direction of one mind over acquired knowledge, but the production of new thought by the contact of many minds, as the spark is produced by the friction of flint and steel.'

It would scarcely be possible to find a nobler testimony to the value of popular and national education than was pronounced by the Prince both on the occasion of the opening of the Golden Lane schools and the Conference on National Education—means that are to prepare a people's mind for the reception of higher ideas for the aim of life:

'The principle of good once sown is not destined to lie dormant, but that, like the grain of mustard-seed, it is calculated to extend and develop itself in an ever-increasing sphere of usefulness.

'Education—National Education—this word which means no less than the moral and intellectual development of the rising generation, and therefore the national welfare—is well calculated to engross our minds, and opens a question worthy of a nation's deepest interest and most anxious consideration.'

The ten years that were the closing ones of the late Prince Consort's life among us were devoted to the perfection of those ideas of general usefulness he had begun to carry out or embody in the Exhibition of 1851, and wherever duty called him to certify to those ideas he went ever cheerfully to the fore, to foster taste either in home productions, or in laying down the principles of art at meetings or assemblies, or in encouraging efforts for the better accommodation of the poorer classes, or at last in patronising at Kensington something of an institution that would teach the aims of general science and art, and reproduce them in the articles wanted for common life.

There have been many who have smiled at Kensington or blamed the choice of site encouraged by the late Prince Consort; but it was right. Science and art teaching in a more extended sense could in England but take root among the more educated and higher middle classes that naturally live around the western suburbs. The mercantile pursuits of the eastern portion of the metropolis precluded the establishment of such a first institution there, and however commodious a central position might have been, it would have fallen flat on the general public; for art wants agreeable surroundings. With the peculiar foresight characteristic of the Prince, he planted that first General Science and Art Institution there where it will have nourishment and supporters, and the grown-up folks that go to it, the boys and girls that visit it, will carry away some indefinite idea of beauty in form, and apply it perhaps unconsciously to things characteristic of their own life, thus introducing a higher tendency into those matters that surround them and form their material being, reproducing again and again the ideas planted by him who passed away on that December day ten years ago.

Maybe that a stronger spirit and a prouder soul then took its flight than many in England knew. The constant vigilance to do what is best gave the late Prince Consort sometimes an air of reticence, noticeably apparent among so strongly individually developed a people as we are, and we were at all times scarcely able to weigh the motives of so markedly artistic a mind; but whenever some new charm in our social life meets us, let us remember that that man did much to introduce, not a foreign taste, but to call forth and foster the peculiarities of our own English ideas, and form them into tasteful idiosyncrasy.



THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.¹

TRANSLATED FROM THE ICELANDIC BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

OF KING BELI AND THORSTEIN VIKINGSON AND THEIR CHILDREN.

THUS begins the tale, and tells how that King Beli ruled over the Sogni-folk; three children had he, whereof Helgi was his first son, and Halfdan his second, but Ingibiorg his daughter. Ingibiorg was fair of face and wise of mind, and she was ever accounted the foremost of the king's children.

Now a certain strand went west of the firth, and a great stead was thereon, which was called Baldur's Meads; a Place of Peace was there, and a great temple, and round about it was a hedge of pales: many gods were there, but amidst them all Baldur was held of most account. In such reverence did the heathen men hold this stead, that they would have no hurt done therein to man nor beast, nor might any man have dealings with a woman there.

Syrstrand was the name of that stead whereas the king dwelt; but on the other side the firth was an abode named Framness, where dwelt a man called Thorstein, the son of Viking; and his stead was over against the king's dwelling.

Thorstein had a son by his wife called FRITHIOF: he was the tallest and strongest of men, and more skilled in all prowess than any other man, even from his youth up. Frithiof the Bold was he called, and so well beloved was he, that all prayed for good things for him.

Now the king's children were but young when their mother died; but a good man of Sogni named Hilding, prayed to have the king's daughter to foster; so there was she reared well and heedfully: and she was called Ingibiorg the Fair. Frithiof also was fostered of good-man Hilding, wherefore was he foster-brother to the king's daughter, and they two were peerless among children.

¹ This tale is the original of the Swedish Bishop Tegnér's 'Frithiof's Saga,' a long modern poem, which has a great reputation, but bears little enough relation, either in spirit or matter, to its prototype.

Now King Beli's chattels began to ebb fast away from his hands, for he was grown old.

Thorstein had rule over the third part of the realm, and in him lay the king's greatest strength.

Every third year Thorstein feasted the king at exceeding great cost, and the king feasted Thorstein the two years between. Helgi, Beli's son, turned early to sacrificing: neither were those brethren well-beloved.

Thorstein had a ship called Ellidi, which pulled fifteen oars on either board; curved was its stem and stern, and strong-built like an ocean-going ship, and its bulwarks were clamped with iron.

So strong was Frithiof that he pulled the two bow oars of Ellidi; but each oar was thirteen ells long, and two men pulled every oar other where.

Frithiof was deemed peerless amid the young men of that time, and the king's sons envied him, whereas he was more praised than they.

Now King Beli fell sick; and when the sickness lay heavy on him he called his sons to him and said to them: 'This sickness will bring me to my end, therefore will I bid you this, that ye hold fast to those old friends that I have had; for meseems in all things ye fall short of that father and son, Thorstein and Frithiof, yea, both in good council and in hardihood. A mound ye shall raise over me.'

So with that Beli died.

Thereafter Thorstein fell sick; so he spake to Frithiof: 'Kinsman,' says he, 'I will crave this of thee, that thou bow thy will before the king's sons, for their dignity's sake; yet doth my heart speak goodly things to me concerning thy fortune. Now would I be laid in my mound over against King Beli's mound, down by the sea on this side the firth, whereas it may be easiest for us to cry out each to each of tidings drawing nigh.'

A little after this Thorstein departed, and was laid in mound even as he had bidden; but Frithiof took the land and chattels after him. Biorn and Asmund were Frithiof's foster-brethren; they were big and strong men.

CHAPTER II.

FRITHIOF WOOES INGIBIORG OF THOSE BRETHREN.

So FRITHIOF became the most famed of men, and the bravest in all things that may try a man.

Biorn, his foster-brother, he held in most account of all, but Asmund served the twain of them.

The ship Ellidi, the best of good things, he inherited from his father, and another possession therewith—a gold ring, the most precious in all Norway.

So bounteous a man was Frithiof withal, that it was the deeming of many, that he was a man of no less honour than those brethren, but it were for the name of king; and for this cause they held Frithiof in hate and enmity, and it was a heavy thing to them that he was called greater than they: withal they thought they could see that Ingibiorg, their sister, and Frithiof were of one mind together.

It befell hereon that the kings had to go to a feast to Frithiof's house at Framness; and there it happened according to wont that he gave to all men beyond that they were worthy of. Now Ingibiorg was there, and she and Frithiof talked long together; and the king's daughter said to him:

‘A goodly gold ring hast thou.’

‘Yea, in good sooth,’ said he.

Thereafter went those brethren to their own home, and greater grew their enmity of Frithiof.

A little after grew Frithiof heavy of mood, and Biorn, his foster-brother, asked him why he fared so.

He said he had it in his mind to woo Ingibiorg. ‘For though I be named by a lesser name than those brethren, yet am I not fashioned lesser.’

‘Even so let us do then,’ quoth Biorn. So Frithiof fared with certain men unto those brethren; and the kings were sitting on their father's mound when Frithiof greeted them well, and then set forth his wooing, and prayed for their sister Ingibiorg, the daughter of Beli.

The kings said: ‘Not overwise is this thine asking, whereas thou would have us give her to one who lacketh dignity; wherefore we refuse thee this utterly.’

Said Frithiof: ‘Then is my errand soon sped; but in return never will I give help to you henceforward, yea, though ye need it ever so much.’

They said they heeded it nought: so Frithiof went home, and was joyous once more.

CHAPTER III.

OF KING RING AND THOSE BRETHREN.

THERE was a king named Ring, who ruled over Ringrealm, which also was in Norway; a mighty county-king he was, and a great man, but come by now into his latter days.

Now he spake to his men: ‘Lo, I have heard that the sons of King

Beli have brought to nought their friendship with Frithiof, who is the noblest of men; wherefore will I send men to these kings, and bid them choose whether they will submit them to me and pay me tribute, or else that I fall on them: and all things then shall lie ready to my hand to take, for they have neither might nor wisdom to withstand me; yet great fame were it to my old age to overcome them.'

After that fared the messengers of King Ring, and found those brethren, Helgi and Halfdan, in Sogni, and spake to them thus: 'King Ring sends bidding to you to send him tribute, or else will he war against your realm.'

They answered and said that they would not learn in the days of their youth what they would be loth to know in their old age, even how to serve King Ring with shame. 'Nay, now shall we draw together all the folk that we may.'

Even so they did; but now, when they beheld their force that it was but little, they sent Hilding their fosterer to Frithiof to bid him come help them against King Ring. Now Frithiof sat at the chess-play when Hilding came thither, who spake thus: 'Our kings send thee greeting, Frithiof, and would have thy help in battle against King Ring, who cometh against their realm with violence and wrong.'

Frithiof answered him nought, but said to Biorn, with whom he was playing: 'A bare place in thy board, foster-brother, and nowise mayst thou amend it; nay, for my part I shall fall on thy red piece there, and wot whether it be safe.'

Then Hilding spake again:

'King Helgi bade me say thus much, Frithiof, that thou shouldst go on this journey with them, or else look for ill at their hands when they at the last come back.'

'A double game, foster-brother,' said Biorn; 'and two ways to meet thy play.'

Frithiof said: 'Thy play is to fall on the king first, yet the double game is sure to be.'

No other outcome had Hilding: he went back speedily to the kings, and told them Frithiof's answer.

They asked Hilding what he made out of those words. He said:

'Whereas he spake of the bare place he will have been thinking of his place in this journey of yours; but when he said he would fall on the red piece, that will mean Ingibiorg, your sister, so give ye all the heed ye may to her. But whereas I threatened him with ill from you, Biorn deemed the game a double one; but Frithiof said that the king must be set on first, speaking thereby of King Ring.'

So then the brethren arrayed them for departing; but, ere they went, let bring Ingibiorg and eight women with her to Baldur's Meads, saying that Frithiof would not be so mad rash as to go see her thither, since there was none who durst make riot there.

Then fared those brethren south to Jardar, and met King Ring in Sogni Sound.

Now, herewith was King Ring most of all wroth that the brothers had said that they accounted it a shame to fight with a man so old that he might not get a-horseback unholpen.

CHAPTER IV.

FRITHIOF GOES TO BALDUR'S MEADS.

STRAIGHTWAY whenas the kings were gone away Frithiof took his raiment of state and set the goodly gold ring on his arm; then went the foster-brethren down to the sea and launched Ellidi. Then said Biorn: 'Whither away, foster-brother?'

'To Baldur's Meads,' said Frithiof, 'to be glad with Ingibiorg.'

Biorn said: 'A thing unmeet to do, to make the gods wroth with us.'

'Well, it shall be risked this time,' said Frithiof, 'and withal, more to me is Ingibiorg's grace than Baldur's grame.'

Therewith they rowed over the firth, and went up to Baldur's Meads and to Ingibiorg's bower, and there she sat with eight maidens, and the new comers were eight also.

But when they came there, lo, all the place was hung with cloth of pall and precious webs.

Then Ingibiorg arose and said:

'Why art thou so overbold, Frithiof, that thou art come here without the leave of my brethren to make the gods angry with thee?'

Frithiof says: 'However that may be, I hold thy love of more account than the gods' hate.'

Ingibiorg answered: 'Welcome art thou here, thou and thy men!'

Then she made place for him to sit beside her, and drank to him in the best of wine; and thus they sat and were merry together. Then beheld Ingibiorg the goodly ring on his arm, and asked him if that precious thing were his own; Frithiof said Yea, and she praised the ring much. Then Frithiof said:

'I will give thee the ring if thou wilt promise to give it to no one, but to send it to me when thou no longer shalt have will to keep it: and hereon shall we plight troth each to other.'

So with this troth-plighting they exchanged rings.

Frithiof was oft at Baldur's Meads a-night time, and every day between whiles would he go thither to be glad with Ingibiorg.

CHAPTER V.

THOSE BRETHREN COME HOME AGAIN.

Now tells the tale of those brethren, that they met King Ring, and he had more folk than they: then went men betwixt them, and sought to make peace, so that no battle should be: thereto King Ring assented on such terms that the brethren should submit them to him, and give him in marriage Ingibiorg their sister, with the third part of all their possessions.

The kings said Yea thereto, for they saw that they had to do with overwhelming might: so the peace was fast bound by oaths, and the wedding was to be at Sogni whenas King Ring should go see his betrothed.

So those brethren fare home with their folk, right ill content with things. But Frithiof, when he deemed that the brethren might be looked for home again, spake to the king's daughter:

'Sweetly and well have ye done to us, neither has goodman Baldur been wroth with us; but now as soon as ye wot of the kings' coming home, spread the sheets of your beds abroad on the Hall of the Gods, for that is the highest of all the garth, and we may see it from our stead.'

The king's daughter said: 'None taught thee this but thyself: ah, certes we welcome dear friends whenas ye come to us.'

So Frithiof went home; and the next morning he went out early and when he came in, then he spake and sang:

Now must I tell
To our good men
That over and done
Are our fair journeys;
No more a-shipboard
Shall we be going,—
For there are the sheets
Spread out a-bleaching.

Then they went out, and saw that the Hall of the Gods was all covered with white linen. Then spake Biorn: 'Now are the kings come home, and but a little while have we to sit in peace, and good were it, meseems, to gather folk together.'

So did they, and men came flocking thither.

Now the brethren soon heard of the ways of Frithiof and Ingibiorg, and of the gathering of men. So King Helgi spake:

'A wondrous thing how Baldur will bear what shame soever Frithiof and she will lay on him! Now will I send men to him, and wot what atonement he will offer us, or else will I drive him from the land, for our strength seemeth to me not enough that we should fight with him as now.'

So Hilding, their fosterer, bare the king's errand to Frithiof and his friends, and spake in such wise: 'This atonement the kings will have of thee, Frithiof, that thou go gather the tribute of the Orkneys, which has not been paid since Beli died, for they need money, whereas they are giving Ingibiorg their sister in marriage, and much of wealth with her.'

Frithiof said: 'This thing only somewhat urges us to peace, the good will of our kin departed; but no trustiness will those brethren show herein. But this condition I make, that our lands be in good peace while we are away.' So this was promised and all bound by oaths.

Then Frithiof arrays him for departing, and is captain of men brave and of good help, eighteen in company.

Now his men asked him if he would not go to King Helgi and make peace with him, and pray himself free from Baldur's wrath.

But he answered: 'Hereby I swear that I will never pray Helgi for peace.'

Then he went aboard Ellidi, and they sailed out along the Sognifirth.

But when Frithiof was gone from home, King Halfdan spake to Helgi his brother: 'Good it were for the ruling of the land if Frithiof had payment for his masterful deed: now therefore let us burn his stead, and bring on him and his men such a storm on the sea as shall make an end of them.'

Helgi said it was a thing meet to be done.

So then they burned up clean all the stead at Framness and robbed it of all goods; and after that sent for two witch-wives, Heidi and Hamglom, and gave them money to raise against Frithiof and his men so mighty a storm that they should all be lost at sea. So they sped the witch-song, and went up on the witch-mount with spells and sorcery.

CHAPTER VI.

FRITHIOF SAILS FOR THE ORKNEYS.

So when Frithiof and his men were come out of the Sognifirth there fell on them great wind and storm, and an exceeding heavy sea: but the ship drave on swiftly, for sharp built she was, and the best sailer afloat.

So now Frithiof sang:

Oft let I swim from Sogni
My tarred ship sooty-sided,
When maids sat o'er the mead-horn
Amidst of Baldur's Meadows;
Now while the storm is wailing
Fare well I bid you maidens,
Still shall ye love us, sweet ones,
Though Ellidi the sea fill.

Said Biorn: 'Thou mightest well find other work to do than singing songs over the maids of Baldur's Meadows.'

'Of such work shall I not speedily run dry, though,' said Frithiof. And he sang withal:

Now is the sea a-swelling,
And sweepeth the rack onward;
Spells of old days cast o'er us
Make ocean all unquiet;
No more shall we be striving
Mid storm with wash of billows,
But Solundir shall shelter
Our ship with ice-beat rock-walls.

So they lay to under the lee of the Solundir Isles, and were minded to abide there; but straightway thereon the wind fell; then they turned away from under the lee of the islands, and now their voyage seemed hopeful to them, because the wind was fair awhile: but soon it began to freshen again.

Then sang Frithiof:

In days foredone
From Framness strand
I sailed to meet
Sweet Ingibiorg;
But now I sail
Through storm and cold,
And wide away
My long-worm drives.

And now when they were come far out into the main, once more the sea waxed wondrous troubled, and a storm arose with so great drift of snow, that none might see the stem from the stern; and they shipped seas, so that they must be ever a-baling. So Frithiof sang:

The salt waves see we nought
As seaward drive we ever
Before the witch-wrought wind,
We well-famed kings-defenders:
Here are we all a-standing,
With all Solundir hull-down,
Eighteen brave lads a-baling
Black Ellidi to bring home.

Said Biorn: 'Needs must he who fareth far fall in with mishaps.' 'Yea, certes, foster-brother,' said Frithiof. And he sang withal:

Helgi it is that helpeth
The white-head billows' waxing;
Cold time unlike the kissing
In the close of Baldur's Meadow!
So is the hate of Helgi
To that heart's love she giveth.
O would that here I held her,
Gift high above all gifts!

'Maybe,' said Biorn, 'she is thinking of some one in better case than thou: what matter when all is said?'

'Well,' says Frithiof, 'now is the time to show ourselves to be men of avail, though blither tide it was at Baldur's Meadows.'

So they turned to in manly wise, for there were the bravest of men come together in the best ship of the Northlands. But Frithiof sang a stave:

The salt waves see we nought
Seaward and westward driven
Well is the water now
Like wild-fire cast about:
The great seawaves wash onward,
Swan-white the hills are tossing:
Ellidi walloweth ever
'Mid steep uneasy billows.

Then they shipped a huge sea, so that all stood a-baling. But Frithiof sang:

With love-moved mouth the maiden
Doth pledge me though I sink.
Ah! bright sheets lay a-bleaching,
East there on brents the swan loves.

Biorn said: 'Art thou of mind belike that the maids of Sogni will weep many tears over thee?'

'Certes,' said Frithiof, 'that was in my mind.'

Therewith so great a sea broke over the bows, that the water came in like a river; but it availed them much that the ship was so good, and the crew aboard her so hardy.

Now sang Biorn:

No widow, methinks,
To thee or me drinks;
No ring-bearer fair
Biddeth draw near;
Salt are our eyne
Soaked in the brine;
Strong our arms are no more,
And our eyelids smart sore.

Quoth Asmund: 'Small harm though your arms be tried somewhat, for no pity we had from you when we rubbed our eyes whenas ye must needs rise early a-mornings to go to Baldur's Meadows.'

'Well' said Frithiof, 'why singest thou not, Asmund?'

'Not I,' said Asmund; yet sang a ditty straightway:

Sharp work about the sail
When o'er the ship seas tumbled
And there was I a-working
Within-board 'gainst eight balers;
Better it was to bower,
Bringing the women breakfast,
Than here to be 'mid billows
Black Ellidi a-baling.

'Thou accountest thy help full high,' said Frithiof, laughing therewith; 'but sure it showeth the thrall's blood in thee that thou wouldst fain be a-waiting at table.'

Now it blew harder and harder yet, so that to those who were aboard the seas breaking on either side of them seemed liker to great cliffs and mountains than to waves.

Then Frithiof sang:

On bolster I sat
In Baldur's Mead erst,
And all songs that I could
To the king's daughter sang;
Now on Ran's¹ bed belike
Must I soon be a-lying
And another shall be
By Ingibiorg's side.

Biorn said: 'Terror lieth ahead of us, foster-brother, and now dread has crept into thy words, which is ill with such a good man as thou.'

Says Frithiof: 'Neither fear, nor fainting is it, though I sing now of those our merry journeys; yet perchance more has been said of them than need was; but most men would think death surer than life, if they were so bested as we be.'

'Yet shall I answer thee somewhat,' said Biorn, and sang:

Yet one gain have I gotten
Thou gatst not 'mid thy fortune,
For meet play did I make
With Ingibiorg's eight maidens;
Red rings we laid together
Aright in Baldur's Meadow,
When far off was the warder
Of the wide land of Halfdan.

'Well,' said he, 'we must be content with things as they are, foster-brother.'

Therewith so great a sea smote them, that the bulwark was broken and both the sheets, and four men were washed overboard and all lost.

Then sang Frithiof:

Both sheets are bursten
'Mid the great billows,
Four swains are sunk
In the fathomless sea.

'Now, meseems,' said Frithiof, 'it may well be that some of us will go to the house of Ran, nor shall we deem us well sped if we come not thither in glorious array; wherefore it seems good to me that each man of us here should have somewhat of gold on him.'

¹ Ran is the sea goddess.

Then he smote asunder the ring, Ingibiorg's gift, and shared it between all his men, and sang a stave withal :

The red ring here I hew
Once owned of Halfdan's father,
The rich lord of our land,
Ere the sea lay us low ;
So on the guests shall gold be,
If we have need of guesting ;
Meet so for mighty men
Amid Ran's hall to be.

'Not all so sure is it that we come there,' said Biorn, 'and yet it may well be so.'

Now Frithiof and his folk found that the ship had great way on her, and they knew not what lay ahead, for all was mirk on either board, so that none might see the stem or stern from amidships ; and therewith was there great drift of spray amid the furious wind, and frost, and snow, and deadly cold. Now Frithiof went up to the masthead, and when he came down he said to his fellows : 'A sight exceeding wondrous have I seen, for a great whale went in a ring about the ship, and I misdoubt me that we come nigh to some land, and that he is keeping the shore against us ; for certes King Helgi has dealt with us in no friendly wise, neither will this his messenger be friendly ; moreover I saw two women on the back of the whale, and they it is who will have brought this great storm on us with the worst of spells and witchcraft ; but now we shall try which may prevail, my fortune or their trollship, so steer ye at your straightest, and I will smite these evil things with beams.' Therewith he sang a stave :

See I troll women
Twain on the billows,
E'en they whom Helgi
Hither hath sent.
Ellidi now
Or ever her way stop
Shall smite the backs
Of these asunder.

So tells the tale that this wonder went with the good ship Ellidi, that she knew the speech of man.

But Biorn said : 'Now may we see the treason of those brethren against us.' Therewith he took the tiller, but Frithiof caught up a forked beam, and ran into the prow, and sang a stave :

Ellidi, hail !
Leap high o'er the billows !
Break of the troll wife
Brow or teeth !
Break cheek or jaw
Of the cursed woman,
One foot or twain
Of this foul thing.

Therewith he drave his fork at one of the skinchangers, and the beak of Ellidi smote the other on the back, and the backs of both were broken; but the whale plunged down and gat him gone, and they never saw it after. Then the wind fell, but the ship lay waterlogged; so Frithiof called out to his men, and bade bale out the ship, but Biorn said:

‘No need to work now, verily!’

‘Be thou not afeard, foster-brother,’ said Frithiof, ‘ever was it the wont of good men of old time to be helpful while they might, whatsoever should come after.’

And therewith he sang a stave:

No need, fair fellows,
Death to fear;
Rather be glad,
Good men of mine:
For if dreams wot aught
All nights they say
That I yet shall have
My Ingibiorg.

Then they baled out the ship; and they were now come nigh unto land; but there was yet a flaw of wind in their teeth. So then did Frithiof take the two bow oars again, and rowed full mightily. Therewith the weather brightened, and they saw that they were come out to Effia Sound, and so there they made land.

The crew were exceeding weary; but so stout a man was Frithiof that he bore eight men a-land over the fore-shore, but Biorn bore two, and Asmund one. Then sang Frithiof:

Fast bare I up
To the fire-lit house
My men all dazed
With the drift of the storm:
And the sail moreover
To the sand I carried;
With the might of the sea
Is there no more to do.

CHAPTER VII.

FRITHIOF AT THE ORKNEYS.

Now Earl Angantyr was at Effia whenas Frithiof and his folk came a-land there. But his way it was, when he was sitting at the drink, that one of his men should sit at the watch-window, looking weatherward from the drinking hall, and keep watch there. From a great horn drank he ever; and still as one was emptied another was filled for him. And he who held the watch when Frithiof came a-land was called

Hallward; and now he saw where Frithiof and his men went, and sang a stave:

Men see I a-baling
Amid the storm's might;
Six bale on Ellidi
Seven are a-rowing;
Like is he in the stem,
Straining hard at the oars,
To Frithiof the bold,
The brisk in the battle.

So when he had drunk out the horn, he cast it in through the window, and spake to the woman who gave him drink:

Take up from the floor,
O fair-going woman,
The horn cast adown
Drunk out to the end!
I behold men at sea
Who, storm-beaten, shall need
Help at our hands
Ere the haven they make.

Now the Earl heard what Hallward sang; so he asked for tidings, and Hallward said: 'Men are come a-land here, much fore-wearied, yet brave lads belike: but one of them is so hardy that he beareth the others ashore.'

Then said the Earl, 'Go ye, and meet them, and welcome them in seemly wise; if this be Frithiof, the son of Duke Thorstein, my friend, he is a man famed far and wide for all prowess.' Then there took up the word a man named Atli, a great viking, and he spake: 'Now shall that be proven which is told of, that Frithiof hath sworn never to be first in the craving of peace.' There were ten men in company with him, all evil, and outrageous, who often wrought berserks-gang.

So when they met Frithiof they took to their weapons.

But Atli said:

'Good to turn hither, Frithiof! Meeting ernes should claw; and we no less, Frithiof! Yea, and now may'st thou hold to thy word, and not crave first for peace.'

So Frithiof turned to meet them, and sang a stave:

Nay, nay, in nought
Now shall ye cow us.
Hearts full of dread,
Dwellers in islands!
Alone with you ten
The fight will I try,
Rather than pray
For peace at your hands.

Then came Hallward thereto, and spake:

'The Earl wills that ye all be made welcome here: neither shall any set on you.'

Frithiof said he would take that with a good heart; howsoever, he was ready for either peace or war.

So thereon they went to the Earl, and he made Frithiof and all his men right welcome, and they abode with him, in great honour holden, through the winter-tide; and oft would the Earl ask of their voyage; so Biorn sang:

There baled we, wight fellows,
Washed over and over
On both boards
By billows;
For ten days we baled there,
And eight thereunto.

The Earl said: 'Well nigh did the king undo you; it is ill seen of such like kings as are meet for nought but to overcome men by wizardry. But now I wot,' says Angantyr, 'of thine errand hither, Frithiof, that thou art sent after the scat: whereto I give thee a speedy answer, that never shall King Helgi get scat of me, but to thee will I give money, even as much as thou wilt; and thou mayest call it scat if thou hast a mind to, or whatso else thou wilt.'

So Frithiof said that he would take the money.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING RING WEDS INGIBIORG.

Now shall it be told of what came to pass in Norway the while Frithiof was away: for those brethren let burn up all the stead at Framness. Moreover, while the weird sisters were at their spells they tumbled down from off their high watch-mount, and brake both their backs.

That autumn came King Ring north to Sogni to his wedding, and there at a noble feast drank his bridal with Ingibiorg.

'Whence came that goodly ring which thou hast on thine arm?' said King Ring to Ingibiorg.

She said her father had owned it, but he answered and said:

'Nay, for Frithiof's gift it is: so take it off thine arm straightway; for no gold shalt thou lack whenas thou comest to Elfhame.'

So she gave the ring to King Helgi's wife, and bade her give it to Frithiof when he came back.

Then King Ring wended home with his wife, and loved her with exceeding great love.

CHAPTER IX.

FRITHIOF BRINGS THE TRIBUTE TO THE KINGS.

THE spring after these things Frithiof departed from the Orkneys and Earl Angantyr in all good liking ; and Hallward went with Frithiof.

But when they came to Norway they heard tell of the burning of Frithiof's stead.

So when he was gotten to Framness, Frithiof said : ' Black is my house now ; no friends have been at work here.' And he sang withal :

Frank and free,
With my father dead,
In Framness old
We drank aforetime ;
Now my abode
Behold I burned ;
For many ill deeds
The kings must I pay.

Then he sought rede of his men what was to be done ; but they bade him look to it ; then he said that the tribute must first be paid out of hand. So they rowed over the Firth to Syrstrand ; and there they heard that the kings were gone to Baldur's Meads to sacrifice to the gods ; so Frithiof and Biorn went up thither and bade Hallward and Asmund break up meanwhile all ships, both great and small, that were anigh ; and they did so. Then went Frithiof and his follow to the door at Baldur's Meads, and Frithiof would go in. Biorn bade him fare warily, since he must needs go in alone ; but Frithiof charged him to abide without, and keep watch ; and he sang a stave :

And alone go I
Unto the stead ;
No folk I need
For the finding of kings ;
But cast ye the fire
O'er the kings' dwelling,
If I come not again
In the cool of the dusk.

' Ah,' said Biorn, ' a goodly singing ! '

Then went Frithiof in, and saw but few folk in the Hall of the Gods ; there were the kings at their sacrifice, sitting a-drinking ; a fire was there on the floor, and the wives of the kings sat thereby, a-warming the gods, while others anointed them, and wiped them with napkins.

So Frithiof went up to King Helgi and said : ' Have here thy scat ! '

And therewith he raised up the purse wherein was the silver, and drave it on to the face of the king ; whereby were two of his teeth

knocked out, and he fell down stunned in his high seat; but Halfdan got hold of him, so that he fell not into the fire. Then sang Frithiof:

Have here thy scat,
High lord of the warriors!
Heed that and thy teeth,
Lest all tumble about thee!
Lo the silver abides
At the end of this bag,
That Biorn and I
Betwixt us have borne.

Now there were but few folk in the chamber, because the drinking was in another place; so Frithiof went out straightway along the floor, and beheld therewith that goodly ring of his on the arm of Helgi's wife as she warmed Baldur at the fire; so he took hold of the ring, but it was fast to her arm, and he dragged her by it over the pavement toward the door, and Baldur fell from her into the fire; then Halfdan's wife caught hastily at Baldur, whereby the god that she was warming fell likewise into the fire, and the fire caught both the gods, for they had been anointed, and ran up thence into the roof, so that the house was ablaze; but Frithiof got the ring to him ere he came out. So then Biorn asked him what had come of his going in there; but Frithiof held up the ring and sang a stave:

The heavy purse smote Helgi,
Hard 'midst his scoundrel's visage;
Lowly bowed Halfdan's brother,
Fell bundling 'mid the high seat;
There Baldur fell a-burning;
But my bright ring I gat;
Fast from the roaring fire
The bent crone forth I dragged.

Men say that Frithiof cast a firebrand up on to the roof, so that the hall was all ablaze, and therewith sang a stave:

Down stride we toward the strand,
And strong deeds set a-going,
For now the blue flame bickers
Amidst of Baldur's Meadow.

And therewith they went down to the sea.

CHAPTER X.

FRITHIOF MADE AN OUTLAW.

BUT as soon as King Helgi had come to himself he bade follow after Frithiof speedily, and slay them all, both him and his fellows: 'A wrongdoer who heedeth no Place of Peace!' So they blew the

assembly for the kings' men, and when they came out to the hall they saw that it was afire, so King Halfdan went thereto with some of the folk, but King Helgi followed after Frithiof and his men, who were by then gotten a-shipboard and were hard at it.

Now King Helgi and his men find that all the ships are scuttled, and they have to turn back to shore, and have lost some men: then waxed the king so wroth that he grew mad, and he bent his bow, and laid an arrow on the string, and drew at Frithiof so mightily that the bow brake asunder in the midst.

But when Frithiof saw that, then he gat him to the two bow oars of Ellidi, and laid so hard on them that they both broke and with that he sang a stave:

Young Ingibiorg
Kissed I aforetime,
Kissed Beli's daughter
In Baldur's Meadow.
So shall the oars
Of Ellidi
Break both together
As Helgi's bow breaks.

Then the wind ran down the firth and they hoisted sail and sailed; but Frithiof bade them look to it that they might have no long abiding there. And so withal they sailed out of the Sogni-firth, and Frithiof sang:

Sail we away from Sogni,
E'en as we sailed just now,
When flared the fire all over
The house that was my father's;
Now is the bale a-burning
Amidst of Baldur's Meadow:
But as a wolf I wend forth,
Well wot I they have sworn it.

'What shall we turn to now, foster-brother?' said Biorn.

'I may not abide here in Norway,' said Frithiof; 'I will learn the ways of warriors, and sail a-warring.'

So they searched the isles and out-skerries the summer long, and gathered thereby riches and renown; but in autumn-tide they made for the Orkneys, and Angantyr gave them good welcome, and they abode there through the winter-tide.

But when Frithiof was gone from Norway the kings held a Thing, whereat was Frithiof made an outlaw throughout their realm: they took his lands to them, moreover, and King Halfdan took up his abode at Framness, and built up again all Baldur's Meadow, though it was long ere the fire was slaked there. This misliked King Helgi most, that the gods were all burned up, and great was the cost or ever Baldur's Meadow was built anew fully equal to its first estate.

So King Helgi abode still at Syrstrand.

[To be continued.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES: HARVARD.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P.

You start from opposite the Revere House in Boston, the turning-point for the horse-cars which run out to the west and north-west of the city, if you are bent on visiting Harvard, the oldest and most celebrated University in the United States. The suburb of Cambridge, in which it lies, is, I should guess (they don't help one's judging-distance faculty by milestones in the States), a short five miles from Boston Common, and the fare by horse-car only ten cents, or five pence. Riding in horse-cars is the only cheap thing you can do in America, unless, indeed, you want to go to school. You trot down to the long wooden bridge over the inner harbour, and across it, generally in sparkling sunshine; and, as you look back at the receding city, with Bunker's Hill monument on the left, and the State House on the highest point straight behind you, and the long masses of sober, solid red brick lining the harbour and the hill-sides, and the groves of mast-heads which you catch here and there over some low warehouse or building—well, how do you feel? proud, I should hope, to see the old stock striking down its roots so deep in a new and wider England, and to know that whatever else Boston may do—and there are few things she couldn't do if she were once 'sot' on them—there is just one thing that she can no more manage than Thor could manage to lift the world serpent, and that is to de-Anglicanise herself.

After you cross the harbour bridge you have gentle collar-work nearly all the way to Cambridge. The little grey horses trot briskly along the tramway and up the slope, even if, as often happens, they have twenty extra passengers standing up the middle of the car, and hanging on to every available foot or hand-hold. The patient Yankee never utters a word of complaint, though the Company hasn't paid him a cent dividend on his shares these two years, and yet crowds him in a way which would very soon land an Englishman in a fever or a police court. At the end of half an hour or so, if you are on the look out for collegiate buildings, you become suddenly aware of a white structure, which, though much

smaller and a decided caricature, reminds you of King's College Chapel at our Cambridge, having even more exaggerated four-corner pinnacles, like the legs of a kitchen table turned upside down, as Mr. Ruskin or some other profane critic has said of its original. This is the University Library, and beyond it, on the right of the road, stand the Halls and the Chapel, half a dozen large blocks, upon a not very well trimmed lawn of seven acres or thereabouts called 'College Yard,' and in the shade of some really fine timber. The chapel is very ugly, but, unlike the library, has no architectural pretensions. The other blocks, Old Massachussets, Holworthy, Thayer, and others the names of which I forget, are all respectable, and one or two handsome, the best reminding me of the old buildings of Marlborough College. The Memorial Hall—dedicated to the Harvard men who volunteered for the war, about six hundred in number (exclusive of medical men and clergymen), of whom sixty-three, more than one in ten, fell in battle—will, however, be by far the finest building of the University. The corner-stone was laid on the 6th of last October. It will comprise a theatre, a 'Hall of the Alumni,' and a 'Monumental Hall,' and will be the heart of the College, as Judge Hoar said in his address, although it is divided from the rest of the buildings by the broad shady road which sweeps round them, splitting up opposite the College precincts into several smaller, but still broad, avenues, which carry the tramways, in single lines some miles further towards Lexington, Concord, and other agricultural townships.

And now that we have fairly reached Harvard and got out of the car, what is the first thing that strikes one accustomed to our English Universities? In my case it certainly was, the absence of all walls round the College precincts, and consequently of the air of seclusion which is stamped on our colleges. Each of these is a little academic fortress against an unlearned and profane world, which undergraduates can only penetrate through the porter's lodge, and cannot leave at all after 'Tom' is down. But the Harvard grove and Yard lie open to the road. There is not even a postern rail round the greater part; and Massachussets, Holworthy, and the rest open on the Yard, with no porter's lodge at their entrance or bars to their windows. If an undergraduate is at morning chapel and lectures—or recitations as they say at Harvard—he is free to go and come as he pleases. The institution of proctors, with their staff of marshals and bulldogs is unknown, and 'gating' of course an impossibility. Nor could I hear that any ill results follow from this neglect of what we consider salutary discipline. Artemus Ward said that he had found Harvard at the bar of Parker's Hotel in Boston, but the joke, so far as I could judge, has the slightest possible foundation of truth.

The entire absence of academic costume is the next most salient external difference. Oxford or Cambridge without caps and gowns would lose probably much more than mere picturesqueness, but Harvard would gain little by adopting them. The genius of the place is

opposed to formalities or trappings of all kinds, and holds its own without them. There is no want of dignity in the gatherings on great occasions, if I may judge by the ceremony of laying the first stone of the Memorial Hall, at which I was lucky enough to be present. The graduates of former years, ex-governors, and senators, foreign ministers, poets, artists, parsons, merchants and men of all ages and callings, with the invited guests, met 'the Faculty' in the Library. There we were marshalled two and two, the graduates according to seniority—headed by those who had served in the war, in their old uniforms, mostly laid aside for five years—by Colonel Leigh of the governor's staff, and some assistant-marshals selected from the fourth year students. We then marched in procession to a monster tent which had been erected on the site of the new building, through lines of the present students, a large portion of whom followed in the rear and found room in the tent. After an opening prayer and a report of progress, Judge Hoar (one of the joint Commission about to sit at Washington) delivered an address well worthy the occasion. I wish I could find room here for more than a short extract: 'The laying of corner-stones is in some sort the business of a University; and it is never inopportune for the friends of this Institution to consider upon what foundations Harvard College desires to build. Its founders sought to establish a Christian commonwealth for the service of God and the highest good of man. The two mottoes successively placed upon the College seal—*Veritas* and *Christo et Ecclesiae*—indicate their idea of the standard and test of character, and of the uses of life. To be true in thought, true in act, true to conviction, true to duty—this is the first lesson which Harvard seeks to teach. And next, the lesson of public duty; the devotion of all faculties and powers and possessions to the service of mankind. She would consecrate all her sons to Him who served and died for men, and enrol them in that great company of the faithful, whose confessors and martyrs have followed in the same footsteps.' After which the stone was laid by General Meade of Gettysburg, a prayer offered by an Episcopal clergyman, and the ceremony concluded with a hymn written for the occasion by a graduate of forty years' standing, the 'autocrat of the breakfast table,' whose son—late a colonel, now a learned, most diligent Boston lawyer, and editor of Kent's 'Commentaries'—was amongst the survivors of the war, in his old soiled uniform. At the risk of outrunning my space I must give the words:

Not with the anguish of hearts that are breaking
Come we, as mourners, to weep for our dead,
Grief in our hearts has grown weary with aching,
Green is the turf where our tears we have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are creeping,
Stealing each name and its record away,
Give their proud story to memory's keeping,
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their marches,
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of morn—
Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and arches,
Tell their bright deeds to the ages unborn.

Emblem and legend may fade from the portal,
Key-stone may crumble and pillar may fall,
They were the builders whose work is immortal,
Crowned with the dome that is over us all.

The ceremony was over, and as we dispersed to luncheon I felt that no silver pokers, or scarlet and velvet robes, or Ciceronian Latin, could have added anything to its simple and solemn dignity, excellent as such things are in their own places. There was a stand-up lunch in Massachussets Hall, from which, however, I passed on to one of a 'steadier' kind at the Porcellian Club, one of the most characteristic of Harvard institutions.

And yet only a small minority of Harvards, past or present, know much more of the Porcellian than its name; for the Club's members are extremely limited, and the rule rigidly enforced, that no student, not being a member, be allowed to set foot within its exclusive precincts. Turning up a narrow entry opposite College Yard, and mounting to the first floor, you pass through an old black door into the Club. A suite of sober rooms, dark-furnished, small, and snug, with all the respectability of their eighty years' existence about them. A carved boar's head on one of the walls grins attention to the derivation of the Porcellian's name, reminding members that they are to live the life of 'Epicuri de grege porci.' The library is good, and was, I take it, the chief pride and most prized treasure of the Club in old days, when Prescott the historian, and Everett the orator were Porcellians, and signed their names to the Club formula: 'I solemnly promise and declare that I will not in any way reveal the acts or constitution of the Porcellian Club.' In these last days I suspect the Club has fallen over far into the popular eating-and-drinking idea of the Epicurean philosophy, and cares more about its goodly show of plate presented by past members, and the excellence of its wines, cigars, and cookery, than about the condition of its library. Once every fortnight the Porcellians breakfast together, solemnly and artistically no doubt; but what effect this act has upon the constitutions of the members they are pledged not to reveal, and I accordingly leave it to be imagined. They are at any rate a hearty, hospitable set of fellows to strangers, and know how to put an undeniable lunch upon the table on such occasions as the Memorial Hall ceremonies. At present I believe the number of Porcellians has dwindled to five, as the 'Apostles' at our Cambridge did to two some twenty years ago. These are not enough to make a satisfactory College Club, and all well-wishers to the Porcellians must hope to see its list of members lengthening.

Talking of lunch reminds me that it is close upon half-past one, and

club-table at Brown's expects me. Harvard has unfortunately no institutions answering to our College Halls and butteries, for I refuse to be so uncomplimentary as to say that Commons, a deserted and converted railway depôt, some three hundred yards from College Yard, in which as many students take their meals, is in any sense accepted as a College Hall. The consequence is that small parties of friends organise private messes, called club-tables, at various houses in the town, which lay themselves out specially for this business, and often serve two or three separate tables in different rooms. A club-table provides breakfast at seven A.M.—the earliness of the hour is sufficiently accounted for by the considerations that morning chapel at a quarter before seven must be attended at least five week-days out of six, and that recitations begin at eight—dinner at half-past one, and tea between six and seven. The dinner is about as good and quite as nicely served as that of Bachelors at our universities. One difference you remark at once. The only drink upon the table is iced water: all alcoholic liquors are prohibited by ordinance of the Faculty (the governing body), and anyone who wants that supplement to his dinner must add it elsewhere, at the Porcellian, for instance, or at the less sumptuous quarters of the A. Δ.

And what, pray, may the A. Δ. be? A club of retiring disposition, which lies withdrawn from public view in the upper story of an unconscious-looking wheelwright's shop, in the sleepest and most innocent of by-ways. Its fifteen members are elected with fixed formalities. The out-going Seniors elect seven Juniors, who proceed, in their turn, to choose eight of their own class-mates, and so the ordained number is preserved. But do my readers know what Seniors and Juniors are? The body of students, or *boys*, as they are familiarly called and call themselves, have a four years' course before them from the October of their entrance, and are always known, for distinction, as the Class of that year in which they are to graduate. Thus a Freshman entering next October will be distinguished all through his time as one of the Class of '75, while none the less he undergoes an annual change of name, becoming successively Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. The result of the members of each Class being banded together in this way, and having no plurality of colleges to separate them, is the growth of a strong Class feeling, which often keeps 'boys' of different standing lamentably estranged from one another. But we must not keep the door of the A. Δ. standing open any longer. The single room tenanted by the Club is a cosy little place. Light literature and a few newspapers lie strewn about, and in one corner is a cupboard, which contains a store of bottled beer, wines, cigars, cheese, crackers (*Anglice*, plain biscuits), potted ham, and suchlike delicacies. No servant is wanted. Everything in the cupboard is labelled with its price: members help themselves to whatever they want, and enter their debts in a book for that

purpose provided. The A. Δ. was originally an intellectual Club, and took mysterious Greek characters for its name after the fashion of American college secret societies in general, and of the celebrated Φ. B. K. in particular, which latter Club has Professor Lowell, author of 'The Biglow Papers,' for its president, and yearly incorporates the thirty best scholars of a Class. But another generation has arisen which knows not the old A. Δs, and aims only at being sociable and having monthly suppers.

Not many steps away, a climb up the steep narrow staircases of (I think) another wheelwright's—a grimy climb, past dusty workshops, where old wood and iron lie forlorn—leads at last to a long, dingy, low-ceilinged room, towards one end of which is the appearance of a stage. More mystic Greek characters on the proscenium. This is the club room of the Δ. K. E., an *unlicensed* dramatic society, which serves Sophomores as a preparatory school for the licensed glories of the Pudding. But stay—*seniores priores*; courtesy forbids any detailed description of the copy till some notice at least has been taken of the original.

The Pudding, then, is a dramatic club of venerable antiquity, taking its name from the nature of the simple refecton served at its monthly meetings, to wit, fries (fried slices of hasty-pudding) and molasses, mush (oatmeal porridge) and milk, eaten with spoons of pewter. It is strictly limited to fifty members, Seniors and Juniors exclusively, and to belong to it is a general object of ambition. And not unnaturally; for, to say nothing of its traditions, the Pudding gives monthly dramatic performances, offering constant openings to its men of action, and moreover possesses a very fair library of fact and fiction. But the club's collection of play-bills is certainly the most interesting and original thing it can show to a transient stranger. Great pains, fertile invention, and a good deal of humour go to the designing and colouring of these huge bills, which adorn the walls of the theatre on performance nights. Each Class tries to outdo its predecessors, and, when its Senior year is over, binds its play-bills into a volume for the envy and amusement of posterity. Once in every volume you come upon a design in which strawberries are the predominant feature. Every such bill, be sure, hung on the wall on Strawberry Night, an annual festivity in June, when it is allowed to add strawberries, ice cream, and other extras to the Spartan supper of ordinary meetings. The homely old rooms of the Pudding are in the garrets of Stoughton Hall, and are devoted to dramatic purposes with the knowledge and consent of the Faculty. Not so the Δ. K. E., of which it is enough to say that it performs monthly, and elaborates play-bills, in reverent imitation of its prototype. The Δ. K. E., however, enjoys a pleasant belief that the Faculty have no suspicion of its existence and whereabouts. Perhaps.

Two serious questions forced themselves upon my mind with regard to these dramatic societies. What time can students be expected to find for work who live in such a constant turmoil of stage-business as

monthly performances necessarily imply? And what would become of actors and audience in the very possible event of fire? The theatres are in the topmost floors of old buildings, and have but one exit apiece, and those down narrow, crooked staircases.

But leaving the clubs to take care of themselves, let us stroll a short half mile through Cambridge to the new College boat-house on the Charles River. At this point the Charles is a stream of very moderate width, and, at low water, not attractive to the eye; but, being a tidal river, it widens rapidly as it approaches Boston Harbour. It is practicable for the Harvard crews to a distance of two miles and a half above the boat-house, and for four miles, hampered at intervals by long low bridges, below. The down-stream course is the favourite one, but it is October, and there is little doing on the river. Just one or two boys, stripped to the waist, are taking exercise in 'single-sculls,' or in clumsy nondescript outriggered boats termed wherries; stripped, because to have the brownest back in the University is every rowing boy's ambition; but nothing else is stirring. Winter comes on so soon after the College meets in October that no systematic rowing is attempted before spring; the sixes—there are no eight-oared boats at Harvard—rest on their brackets, and the freshmen are spared until their second term. I was astonished to find that the boys have no regular bathing-place. Anyone who wants a swim must jump off the boat-house raft, and take it.

This want of a bathing-place is only one of many signs of the indifference to variety of pastimes which soon strikes an Englishman at Harvard. Cricket has been voted too tedious, and is not, I believe, played at all. The same may now be said of football, for a certain annual collision between Sophomores and Freshmen, on a day known as Bloody Monday, has brought out an ordinance against the game. So base-ball, a game almost identical with the 'rounders' of our schools, enjoys undisputed pre-eminence among land sports. The Harvard Nine have reached a high degree of excellence in this national game, as many Americans love to call it, and they are said to be superior to any club in the States, excepting perhaps the professional White and Red Stockings. I do not deny that the game is a good one, when well played, but frequent accidents are caused to hands and knees by the violence with which the ball is thrown in to the bases, and it has not a tithe of the skill or variety of cricket. There is plenty of rowing on the Charles from spring up to the long vacation, and a gymnasium near the site of the Memorial Hall; but neither tennis, rackets, nor fives.

Still, Nature has given Harvard students their due allowance of animal spirits, which they have had no opportunity of expanding at an American Eton or Rugby, and consequently let off at college in a multitude of schoolboy practices. 'Been hazed yet, Jim?' was the question which naturally rose first to the lips of two young

ladies whom I accompanied in a visit to their Freshman cousin's semi-furnished quarters. To 'haze' is a general term, comprehending all kinds of interference with a Freshman, from smoking up a box of cigars which he may have thoughtlessly purchased and displayed, to the roughest sort of practical joke.

We think it is no sin, sir,
To take the Freshmen in, sir,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at old Harvard
To drive dull care away,

says one of the favourite college songs, and it doesn't go beyond the truth. The Sophomores are the chief offenders. Between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes there exists a traditional and cherished enmity. Twelve months together at college has made an organised body of the former, and they use this advantage to the full to haze and 'rough' the unorganised mob of Freshmen. Even on the day of the Memorial Hall ceremonies a free fight was extemporised just outside the tent in which the stone was being laid, occasioned by the astounding presumption of certain Freshmen, who had ventured to appear in beaver hats. It is an established ordinance of the Sophomore despots that no Freshman do, under any circumstances, wear a 'beaver,' and any infringement of this rule renders the offenders liable to be 'rushed.' And it is by no means pleasant to be 'rushed,' for a 'rush' means a sweep of a whole Class across College Yard, hand-in-hand, forcibly removing all comers in the way, and perhaps pitching one or two against the big elms with which the ground is thickly dotted.

While we are in the Yard, let us step into one or two of the Halls, and see what kind of quarters the boys live in. The usual arrangement is that two friends, chums, 'room' together, that is, share a common sitting-room, with separate bedrooms opening out of it. But, in old Holworthy, a single large room with a couple of beds at one end is all that is allotted to each pair of chums, while again, in Gray, there is no chumming, but each student has a room to himself, with his bed in a curtained alcove. I should have supposed a desire to have one's own private and particular castle to be so strong by nature in everybody's breast that Gray would have been prime favourite of all the 'rooming' halls; but for some reason or other, the darkness of the alcoves perhaps, it is certainly unpopular, and the more gregarious system of chumming far preferred. Now and then in the rooms you will see, over a bedroom door, a slip of wood bearing the occupant's name in bold white letters on a black ground. Be properly impressed by the sight, for it means nothing less than that in that bedroom sleeps a member of the envied Pudding Club.

I have left it to be assumed that, all this time, our Harvard boys are going through a daily round of work, as well as engaging in the manifold diversions of college life. Recitations begin every morning at

eight and go on until one, and there are some, I think, in the afternoon as well. But there is no searching examination, competitive or otherwise, to be gone through, I believe, previously to the B.A. degree. A student's final place in his Class is determined by the aggregate number of marks which he may have managed to accumulate during the whole of his four years at college. A most unsatisfactory and delusive plan; for where marks for scholarship, regularity, and a host of other things are added up into one sum-total, the results produced are sure to be ridiculously fallacious. The system is, in fact, the apotheosis of respectable mediocrity. I was glad to hear that the authorities are even now busy devising some better means of testing the comparative merits of their *alumni*.

Class-day, near the end of June, on which degrees are taken, is traditionally observed by the graduating Seniors. They solemnly elect a chaplain, an orator, a poet, an odist, three marshals, and an ivy orator, and march in procession to the chapel, where, all alone, they listen to a sermon, an oration, a poem, and an ode composed by their own chosen class-mates. The procession then returns across College Yard to Class-Day Tree, round whose ample trunk a garland has meanwhile been tied just out of arm's reach. Here they have another oration, from the ivy orator, and dance hand in hand round the tree, till, at a signal, all rush wildly forward, and jump to tear down keepsakes from the garland. And so, with his hands full of flowers, and a swelling heart, the Harvard boy goes forth, hopeful and trustful, into the great world of men.

[To be continued.]



THE SUN OF MY SONGS.



THE birds are all a-singing,
 The skies are mad with winging;
 And quick the seed-shells crackle, crickle, crackling up the earth;
 The blossoms are thick in the trees,
 The pleasance is crowded with bees;
 The fountain up-leaps, the anemonies
 Are shrill with the crickets in mirth.

And under her window I waited;—
 Alas, she was still in bed!
 My spring was all belated—
 My sun is her golden head;
 And all my song
 Was: ‘Ding, dong,
 Summer is dead,
 Spring is dead,
 Winter is groaning along,
 The birds are singing all wrong;
 I would I were dead.’

From out her dreams she drifted,
 The coverlet quick lifted,
 And lithe her white-rose body uncurl’d from her snow-white smock,
 And tall at the window, and fair,
 She combèd her golden hair,—
 So fair—I would I were there, I were there,
 To dazzle me dead in each lock.

‘O madman, a dev’l to your dirging;
 For spring’s in the earth and the sky;
 The rivers and meads are all surging
 With red bud-coifs thrown by;
 And every flower is shaking her head,
 A-sheveling her hair on a green leaf bed,
 And making her comely and meet to be wed;

Yet all your song
 Is—‘ Ding, dong,
 Summer is dead,
 Spring is dead—
 O my heart, and O my head !
 Go a-singing a silly song,
 All wrong,
 For all is dead,
 Ding, dong,
 And I am dead,
 Dong !’

‘ O gold my sun up-waking,
 Your curtain clouds a-breaking,
 Like runnels, rustling trees and merles, my songs out-sing your spring ;
 I’ll sing of the warm blush-rose,
 And mellow the honey that flows
 I’ the bud that ripe to a full mouth blows,
 Or white the bloom-bosom with love that glows,
 And the gold-hair’d sun that makes me to sing.’

‘ And yet to your honour I’ll twine
 A garland fresh and fine ;
 And all the flowers that I shall pluck,
 The sweetest that bees suck,
 Shall be these songs of mine.
 Oh ! such songs for me to sing,
 Ding, dong,
 Summer along,
 And spring ;
 All along, long life along—
 After death they still shall sing,
 Like to seeds of winter-thinking,
 All their bud-shells crinkle-crinkling,
 Shooting into summer song,
 Bursting into blossoming.’

THEO. MARZIALS.



DRAMATIC ART REPRESENTATION.

THE ESSAY 'On some of the Old Actors' and that 'On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century' are among Elia's most pleasant lucubrations. While reading them, we sit with their author in the pit, and listen to him as to a sage discoursing on the philosophy of scenic art. Besides other excellent gifts as a theatrical critic, Lamb possessed an indispensable one for sound judgment in such matters. Entertainments of the stage were not to him mere pastime—the toy of idle hours. He respected the art which he loved and described so well. He was instructed as well as entertained by it. It lifted him for the moment above the sphere of common life: it engaged his affections, exercised his understanding, stimulated his imagination. He treasured the representation in his memory: he reflected on it long after the curtain had fallen.

This is the proper temperament for a playgoer. He who frequents the theatre for amusement only, or because he has an hour or two to spare, misses much of what it should afford him, and perhaps much also that he professes to seek. Few things are harder to attain than mere amusement for idle and vacant minds. The jaded looks of many spectators at a play are owing quite as much to want of interest in the performance, as to the causes usually assigned—gas or tainted air. Such spectators, bringing nothing with them in harmony with the drama enacted, depart neither sadder nor wiser, nor perhaps merrier than they were when they took their tickets. They go next day to their farm or their merchandise unrefreshed. They would as lief, to confess the truth, have been somewhere else. They cannot tell whether the Seneca of tragedy or the Plautus of comedy was too heavy or too light for them. They are indeed glad that their friend from the country or 'the children' enjoyed their evening—that is a satisfaction. But for themselves, a quiet rubber or an evening paper, or a 'little music' is more to their liking.

The vapid play-goer, however, is not the only evil under the theatrical sun. He is, if compared with 'the Old Playgoer,' a passive nuisance. In nine out of ten cases this veteran is an *active* one. He begins his odious comparisons even before the curtain rises. He likes not the stalls; the pit, with its uncushioned benches, was more to his mind. He

prefers oil-lamps and wax-candles to gas-burners. The strong light thrown on the stage and the partial darkening of the house while the curtain is up are needless innovations. He breaks you in gently for greater grievances. Between the acts, perhaps during the performance, he will impart to you that although Mr. W. is playing very respectably, you should have seen Mr. X. in the character. If the son of a retired or deceased actor be on the stage, you are apprised of his not being fit to hold a candle to his father. Richard Crookback has his hump on the wrong shoulder; Macbeth should wear a kilt and tartan, and not chain mail; Lady Teazle should have copied her dress from Miss Farren's portrait at the Garrick Club. He commiserates all *post-nati*: he is one of the last of the chosen people of the drama's golden age. He is, in short, like Elia's 'Poor Relation,' 'an unwelcome remembrancer; a death's-head at your banquet; a Mordecai at your gate; the one thing not needful; the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.'

And there is yet another evil under the same sun, and perhaps, if possible, a worse—and that is the Young Playgoer, who believes, and tries hard to make you to believe also, that, as regards theatrical representations, you and he are living in the best of all possible worlds. He expends much eloquence in denouncing the 'legitimate drama,' and the 'old school of actors.' He is of opinion that our sires and grandsires knew nothing of acting. Was not John Kemble a droning pedagogue? Did not Mrs. Siddons wear high-heeled shoes and a hoop, and who in such costume could pretend to be 'natural, affecting'? How could people in their senses sit out a five-act comedy, and that played on an uncarpeted and barely furnished stage? Then as for tragedies or historical dramas, how could they move pity or terror, as that prig Aristotle tells us they ought to do! What is Hecuba to us, stilted old shrew as she was? What earthly interest could people take in the fortunes of the Plantagenets? Is it not good for us to be rid of such royal and noble phantoms, and to have replaced them by reformed convicts, adroit swindlers, by ladies who cannot love their husbands, and husbands' friends who make themselves *very* 'much at home.' Then as to stage effect, what mean devices were painted canvas and a few poor properties in comparison with *real* fire and *real* water, and, *comble de bonheur*, a *real* cab on the stage? We have heard more than one of these unwise 'young judges' lamenting the clumsy construction of a Shakesperian play, and suggesting improvements in the 'School for Scandal.' The old Athenian in 'The Clouds' of Aristophanes, cursing the hour in which a son was born to him, who dared to call Aeschylus a fogey, and the son caning his father for denouncing Euripides as a ribald and an atheist, are standing types of these two kinds of playgoers. We have dwelt upon these nuisances longer perhaps than they deserve; but if, as is often asserted, the national drama be on the decline, they, in our opinion, have a great deal to answer for in their several modes of regarding it. From the public

Caesar there is no appeal in its judgments of plays; and therefore whatever tends to bias its decisions ought to rest upon some general principles, and not upon private caprice or mutable fashion. Authors, actors, and audiences benefit by sound criticism, and are affected by bad: an incompetent or timid judge on the bench may establish evil precedents or misdirect the jury. Such censors as Lamb, Hazlitt, and the Hunts made the performers careful, the spectators vigilant. They assigned reasons for praising or blaming. They understood the power which the stage, in a healthy condition, can exert on the public taste. They ranked the drama among liberal arts, able to refine the manners and humanise the feelings of an audience. They wrote and spoke of actor and author without fear or favour. They were not partisans of one or the other. They thought of something beyond their report in next morning's paper. Even the *Cynthias* of the minute—those straws that show the wind's quarter—were weighed by them in a just balance. We do not believe, as will presently appear, the drama to be on the decline. We cannot say the same of its critics. The sound of their trumpet being so uncertain, it is not surprising if the public itself, readier to be guided than to lead, be inconsistent in its likes and dislikes. It has its hot and cold fits, its fancies and caprices. It verifies the proverb of the hedge and horse stealing. Its verdicts on stage performances too often remind us of the reasons assigned for not liking Dr. Fell. Is it possible to replace the national drama in the position it held when the leaders of society in art and literature frequented the pit and boxes; when statesmen were not too busy to attend the performances of Garrick, Mrs. Abington, Henderson, or the Kembles, and when even a bishop might occasionally be seen among the spectators? Many schemes have been devised for so desirable a result. Some stage-doctors prescribe a course of Shakespeare and the classical drama: others, assistance from the public purse for a particular theatre in which only the highest class of plays shall be permitted: others, a classification of theatres similar to that which is practically, if not compulsorily, adopted in Paris: others—and if they are the more sanguine we think them the most sound in their opinion—maintain that a people's theatre must be created and sustained by the people itself; that decline, if it exist, cannot be arrested by remedies from without; and that the art which, if it be true to itself and deserving of the name, cannot be forced like a hot-house plant.

Let us examine one or two of these several projects. We begin by remarking that Shakespeare himself is very oddly dealt with by the British public. Editions upon editions of his plays, comments and essays upon them, speculations on the drift and meaning of his sonnets, are heaped up on our shelves, and it is part of the creed of every true Englishman that Shakespeare is the foremost man of all the scenic world. Is he at the present moment being enacted at any house in London? Does he draw provincial audiences? Are his works or his words familiar to the younger

generations of the age? Will an announcement on the bills of 'Hamlet' or 'As you like it' fill the stalls as they were filled to welcome Mademoiselle Schneider? Would 'Lear' thin the crowd at a music hall, or 'Macbeth' induce nobility and gentry to forego evenings at the Opera House? 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' indeed has recently attracted a goodly number of spectators, but what did they go from their clubs or firesides to see? Not the beauteous dream of the poet, but Mr. Phelps in the character of Bottom the Weaver. There is much lip-service in England's worship of Shakespeare. No library is considered complete that has not at least one copy of his plays: no theatre seems to be thought complete that exhibits them. Few people would risk saying, as honest George III. did, that many of them were 'stuff, sad stuff;' even now Voltaire is not forgiven for his '*d'ailleurs grand fou.*' Yet the idol of the nation is all but banished from his proper temple. 'Oh, but there are no actors who can represent his plays,' is the stereotyped reply to this unquestionable fact—'Sint Maccenates non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.' Once let the people begin to honour Shakespeare in their hearts, and not with their tongues only, and actors will not be wanting; nay, there is a fair supply of them at this moment wasting their time and talents on what we are pleased to call 'sensational dramas.'

And when Shakespeare was frequently performed at the principal London theatres, were audiences content with his plays as he wrote them? Were they not trimmed by adapters and managers to make them endurable to his worshippers? A list of the perversions of his text and plots might weary the reader and would exhaust our space. Garrick, we know, cut out the grave-diggers' scene from 'Hamlet.' John Kemble—even classic John—mixed up Tomson's 'Coriolanus' with Shakespeare's, and performed the 'Tempest' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' with the rhetorical and impure additions to them by Dryden. Edmund Kean, to his perpetual honour, essayed to do what no one of his predecessors in tragedy ventured. He tried to perform Shakespeare's, and not Nahum Tate's, 'Lear'—and he failed in the attempt. The public would have the 'new version' by the translator of the Psalms restored to them. Macready was as unsuccessful in his efforts to replace the genuine 'Richard the Third.' The public would not give up Colley Cibber's travestie of it. Mr. Phelps was indeed happier in his restorations than either Kean or Macready. But he had to take Shakespeare far away from the civilised zone of the capital, far from the region of carriages and tall footmen, from the Clubs and Rotten Row, and enshrine him in the suburban and ignoble district of Islington. In the western quarters of London, in the august neighbourhood of coronets and 'society,' if a young and beautiful actress has won her laurels in a popular drama, she may be allowed to perform Juliet 'for her benefit:' if a favourite actor be the *bénéficiaire*, he may aspire 'for one night only' to play Dogberry or

Shylock : but on each of these occasions it is hoped that the attendance of 'troops of friends' will balance a very probable loss to the treasury incurred by the withdrawal, for one evening, of the long running 'Bewildered Son.' We will now examine the prospects of a theatre supported by the State—first apologising to our readers for passing abruptly from the real to the ideal.

If, for the basis of calculation on the chances of State assistance, we take the cheerful assent with which pecuniary aid to Art or Science is voted annually by Parliament, the discreet way in which the funds of the Civil List are often distributed, or the pledges given by or exacted from itinerant members of the Lower House that they will not consent to a dowry for the Princess Louise, we must at once regard parliamentary subvention to a theatre as a dream. The lion of rate and tax-paying constituents is on the path of many honourable members : others need not such a monitor to close their pockets against such a proposal. We would not build, they would say, why are we asked to sustain the synagogues of Satan ? Is it not enough to lavish some thousands yearly on limners and sculptors, on monsters in which the ugliness of Assyria strives with the hideousness of Egypt, but we must also dip into the people's purse for idle and immoral places of entertainment ? We should be sanguine as a millenarian, full of faith as Dr. Cumming's school of the prophets, to expect to such a petition assent from Mr. Lowe or civility from Mr. Ayrton. We confess admiring the zeal far more than the discretion of the advocates of subvention. And if a few crumbs from the Exchequer table were vouchsafed, after a pretty quarrel in the House, there would be a prettier outside it. The Capulets of the Upper Ten Thousand would put in a claim for Opera or the French Comedy. The Montagues of the Million would require the people's money to be given to theatres where every evening virtue is triumphant or vice abashed, or even for those where the staple entertainments consist of burlesques and break-downs. Between these exotic and native factions there would doubtless be a neutral party, zealous only for a theatre in which Shakespeare and Massinger, Congreve and Sheridan might be competently represented. But, like other neutrals, they might have the luck of the bat in the fable, and be abused in the words so justly offensive to Mrs. Quickly for 'being neither fish nor flesh.' State patronage has not hitherto worked well in Britain, at least if we may judge from some modern statues and public buildings. We blush to write that despots like Louis XIV., or fools like Philip IV. of Spain, were more liberal and effective friends to the national drama than any minister of this free country has ever proved himself. 'High patronage' looks well in trade circulars and subscription lists, but when applied to the fine arts it often leads to strife and jealousy. George III., with the best intentions, once tried, but never repeated, the experiment of doing honour to Literature and Science. He projected establishing an 'Order of Minerva.' 'The knights were to take rank

after the Knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-coloured ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us.¹ The row of the *literati* might, in the case of subvention being granted, be renewed behind the curtain. 'A Member of Parliament,' Thomas Hobbes has told us, 'is but a man;' and theatrical managers can hardly be expected to be more patient than ordinary men, or, as Hamlet says, 'women either,' in a matter where one might be taken and another left in the partition of favours, whether consisting of coin of the realm or straw-coloured ribbons. We can imagine—no, we must leave such a flight of fancy to our great Proverbial Philosopher—we can *not* imagine the visage of any Chancellor of the Exchequer, when requested to put into his estimates—'item for the National Theatre.'

Depositing, therefore, until some convenient season arrive for dis-interring it, the subvention scheme in the Record Office of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, we now enquire what means and appliances may be in hand, without crying to a deaf Hercules, for obtaining such a theatre, or such theatrical administration as may be both practical in itself and acceptable to both parties, projectors and non-projectors. All, it may be presumed, are agreed on one point at least, that to elevate the character of the national drama is to do the state some service, by fostering art and furthering taste, and through taste popular education also. On this common ground all join hands—all at least who are not of opinion that 'the play is' not 'the thing' for Christian folk. The means, we contend, and can hardly repeat too often, are not, like those of the Venetian merchant, 'but in supposition,' since have we not, at the present moment, good writers, good actors, good artists, and in some cases good audiences also, able and eager to set the drama on a sound basis? And besides these there are other favourable symptoms. The public takes a lively interest in the actor's fortunes. We no longer, when he dies, take his coffin to the Jerusalem Chamber or bury him in the Abbey. So thronged indeed now is that receptacle that it is no longer 'snug lying in the Abbey,' nor do we set him up 'in Parian stone' among the mixed company in Poets' Corner. But bating such tokens of esteem we have come to treat him with far more respect than Samuel Johnson showed to David Garrick, and care more for 'the little actor' than for Lord Chancellors in general. For the means, then, *nil desperandum*. What is really needed is some magnet to draw and hold together the materials that are now 'squandered abroad.'

'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.' We presume not to solve the riddle of the 'good to do.' We come of the stock of

¹ Thackeray, 'Four Georges.'

Davus not of Oedipus; yet we may perchance suggest certain things that it were best to leave undone. First, there is an old and yet not venerable spectre to be dealt with, not so much because it stops the way as because it tends to confusion of ideas in theatrical no less than in graver affairs. That spectre is the unlucky phrase 'the legitimate drama.' What does it mean now? What was understood by it when Shakespeare was pruning his wing for higher flights than mending the work of other dramatists, or trying his prentice hand on his early plays? That this 'treble-dated crow' croaked in his days and forbode evil to the stage from the young and daring innovator is recorded in letters and pamphlets of the time. Nay, it is most probable that its bodings were of far earlier date, unless indeed in the days of Euripides Minerva's owl took on itself the office of Complainer-General.

It would indeed be a fatal symptom of decline in dramatic art—or, more properly, it would be its *facies hippocratica* or death-face—if this 'legitimate drama' were accepted by authors or actors as the be-all and end-all of their pains to please audiences. When a return to the plays of former days is recommended as a sovereign remedy for the faults and shortcomings of our own, do the prescribers of it take into account the real constitution of the drama? Have they forgotten, or do they discard the definition of 'the purpose of playing' as described by him whom they profess to honour? Shakespeare winds up his description in these weighty and memorable words—'the end (of playing) is to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' Supported by such authority, we maintain that *legitimate drama* is that which in any age reflects and embodies the social, moral, and intellectual features of a people. We are not speaking of the accessories, but of the essentials of a national drama. In arts nearly akin to that of the actor do we insist on obedience to the rule and measure of any 'old school'? Do we recommend or require poets to write as Dryden or Pope wrote, or portrait painters to be copyists only of Vandyke or Lely? Why should precepts that would be noxious to other arts be deemed wholesome for the stage? Do there not exist in the nineteenth century the materials that were extant and active in the seventeenth? Have we not, as our sires had, passions, follies, virtues, vices, sympathies, antipathies, which duly represented and deftly handled, 'hold the mirror up to nature and show virtue her own feature and scorn her own image'? So long as there are beings who reason, feel, agree, differ, hope, despair, gain, lose, weep, laugh, the materials employed by Sophocles, Shakespeare, Calderon, Racine, Molière, Schiller, are active and potent as ever, and capable of assuming new forms and combinations. One generation will slake its scenic thirst with

things

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow;

and then legends of Pelops' line, the Nemesis that tracks the foot-prints of crime, the dooms impending over 'old great houses,' the rise and fall of sceptres and crowns, weird superstitions, messengers from the unseen world, touch and are responded to by the heart of man. Another race, seeing in witches merely ill-favoured old women, and content with such ghosts as Professor Pepper evokes, and caring little for kings or kaisers, delights in representation of social and domestic manners, prefers rural felicity to great men's infelicity, and the speech of the hearth and the market-place to the measures and rhythms of 'lofty grave tragedians.' Who is there presumptuous enough to stand arbiter between these opposites—to take on himself the functions of 'Chaos old,' and so, as that earliest of anarchists did, 'more embroil the strife'? 'As leaves on trees,' so are the 'races' of those who enact, or write, or witness plays. The temporary robes of the drama pass away: the life which it copies remains. To the dynasties of the stage may be applied the solemn formula employed when monarchs quit *their* scene—'Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!'

Are there any signs in the drama of the day that warrant the terms 'decay,' or 'decline'? Any comparison between what has been and what is written for the theatre should deal with general and not particular cases. The supremacy in high comedy of the 'School for Scandal' will, we presume, not be disputed; but it should be borne in mind that Burgoyne's 'Heiress' at the time divided the applause of frequent and full audiences with Sheridan's master-work. The 'Heiress' now would soon be disinherited, if it were revived. Reading the British drama in Mrs. Inchbald's or any other collection of plays of the past age, or the mere skeletons of their plots in that most useful 'Stage History' of Geneste's, we wonder at the patience of the spectators of many of them. The tares, we think, are out of all proportion to the wheat; yet wonder should not make us forget that one age differs from another in its dramatic tastes and sympathies. Audiences formerly wept or laughed at representations that, transplanted to theatres of the day, would send the spectators to their beds tearless and smileless. A few of the last century comedies—its tragedies were generally 'very tolerable and not to be endured'—remain everlasting possessions: 'the many fall and die.' It will so be with the plays of to-day. They who take our place will demand other pictures of ever mutable fashion and feeling.

In every trade it is necessary, at certain periods, to take stock of the goods in hand, as well as to compare the day-book with the ledger; nor is it without use to apply this wholesome practice to public amusements from time to time. By observing the recreations as well as the employments of a people we may learn to measure their advance or retreat in the path of civilisation, and the condition of the stage is one amongst the most certain tests of progressive or retrogressive movement. What, then, are the signs given by the theatre at the

present time? Is it falling into the sere and yellow leaf? or is it putting forth new shoots and showing promise of present and renewed vigour?

The rapidly increasing number of theatres in London, and in some degree the country also, is a sign that the demand for entertainments of the stage is not on the wane; yet it would be concluding too hastily to infer that such increase betokens an advance or even a sound condition of the drama itself. We cannot accept in full a common explanation of this multiplication of playhouses—that it is merely a result of increased population both within and without London. The next census will probably return a sum exceeding three millions resident in the capital of England alone. There are now thirty-eight metropolitan theatres—thirty-nine if the ‘Gallery of Illustration’ be added to the list. Of these, thirty-three are, as the rule, nightly open to the public. But in the later years of the reign of Elizabeth, and during the entire reign of her successor, there were no less than ten theatres within the liberties of Westminster and the borough of Southwark, while the population of London in the same period fell short of three hundred thousand. The population theory therefore does not quite account for the larger number of buildings devoted to entertainments of the stage. We allude to the controversy between managers and music halls solely for the purpose of pointing out the effect produced by the increased popularity, and indeed cultivation, of vocal and instrumental music upon theatrical interests. Hogarth’s well-known picture is a record of a time when music was for the most part a luxury of the higher classes of society. Musical amateurs nowadays are not always attired in brocade or Flemish lace; they do not take Spanish snuff from gold and enamelled boxes; they are not

Justly vain

Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane;

they do not go through the ‘fan exercise’ according to the rules laid down by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. On the contrary, their soles are often thick; their jackets, like the dogs’-meat man’s, of velveteen; their concerts and ‘musical teas’ are not recorded in the ‘Court Journal.’ ‘Music, heavenly maid,’ has graciously and fortunately discovered that the working-man has as good ears and as fine susceptibilities for harmony as the ‘nobility and gentry of the realm.’ She has not abandoned the kingly tower, but she has come down to the poor man’s cottage. A music hall has become a need of the day. It is obvious, however, that the expansion of taste for a single art, accompanied as it is by the dance and other more substantial means of enjoyment, withdraws from theatres a very large number of spectators, while it renders them comparatively indifferent to such entertainments as once filled the pits and galleries of many a playhouse. Again, the same passion for song and dance has directly acted upon the theatre. The manager in many parts of London who ‘pleases to live’ is driven to humour the

mood of those who care less for even dramas of the Fitzball stamp than for the orchestra, the serious and comic singer, and the ballet. So far the music-halls have trenched on stage ground, and given some handle to the complaints against them as poachers on theatrical preserves. But in what age has there not been a cry of distress about theatrical wrongs and disadvantages? At one time the bear-herd was a formidable enemy; at another 'the boys carried it away' from 'the common players.' 'There is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out to the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it.' At a later period Whitfield and Wesley 'punched deadly holes' in managerial bodies, and the sharp satire conveyed in 'The Mirror' and 'The Hypocrite' delighted the profane, but did not touch the pious. In some respects music halls are a less formidable foe to the drama than the bears, the eyases, or the congregation. The halls tread closely on the skirts of the playhouse; a very thin partition divides their entertainments from those of the stage. They may be rivals; they are not absolutely enemies. Is not the present feud between Terpsichore and Thaleia, between Euterpe and Melpomene, one between cousins not quite 'removed'? We may have touched lightly upon them, but we have endeavoured to state and canvass fairly the existing disadvantages of the drama. Let us pass over now to the white side of the shield. Can the increasing number of theatres be interpreted as a sinister omen—the population question apart? Are the unprecedented 'long runs' of the late lamented Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies, or the best plays of Mr. Tom Taylor or Mr. Dion Boucicault, and others whose names are familiar to the reader, symptoms of decay or decline in the purveyors for the theatre, in the performers, or in public relish for dramatic art? The very success of what is really good is it not a warrant, or at least a reasonable ground, for thinking that we have materials for a national theatre worthy of the name, without harking back to the 'old playgoer's' elysium, or rushing headlong into the 'young playgoer's' sensational paradise? We cannot recall the past; we may never see revived such schools of acting as Garrick formed and handed down to the Kembles; nor is it reasonable to expect that Mr. Macready's or Mr. Charles Kean's perseverance in bringing history, archæology, and art into the service of the stage will be imitated by managers less enthusiastic or less devoted to their calling than they were. But because we cannot perhaps revert, is that any reason why we should not look forward?

And is a national theatre an idle dream or an impossible fancy? That which has been may again be under equivalent, though not similar, conditions for its existence. We do not hold with Mr. Carlyle that if there be any hope for England's regeneration it is to be sought in the higher orders of society. We do not look for any *via salutis* from that 'Greek city.' Their 'patronage' of the English drama has not been hitherto so signal as to warrant much reliance on their aid

in raising the character of stage entertainments. They set a very moderate *troupe* of French comedians above the heads of accomplished native performers. Their favours are reserved for the *un-national* drama. We must descend to a level of lower rank, but of equal cultivation—to a grade that does not turn a cold shoulder on every effort made for placing the actor in his rightful position—as the associate, namely, of the artist, to whatever academy he may belong.

The conditions and circumstances under which a national theatre at one time was created and long sustained were these. A great and free people, although they had their political factions, and even their civil broils, were of one mind as to the importance and interest of stage entertainments. With them there was no question about *subvention*: 'the State awarded, the law allowed it.' Men of noble birth and high in office thought it not beneath their dignity or inconsistent with their duties to take an active part, as well as a lively interest, in entertainments of the stage. They did not consider it a mark of high breeding to extol foreign and decry native actors; they did not prefer Ionian dancers—until, at least, they had ceased to be great and free—to the grave or joyous movements of the tragic or comic chorus; nor did they confine their patronage to *their* Opera House. There was little distinction of place in their theatre: a few seats were reserved for the higher magistrates, and some for the judges who consigned the prizes. A very great number, most probably a large majority, of the spectators, could neither read nor write; but they were not therefore uneducated. Their eyes, their ears, their feelings, and even their understandings were trained by the daily presence of art under its noblest forms, by the orators in the assembly of the people, or by the philosopher presiding in the schools. The winners of the dramatic crowns were as familiarly known to the citizens, and as much applauded by them, as the soldier who had reared a trophy or the statesman who had carried a popular decree. Nor amid the homage paid to the author of a play was the actor in it forgotten. He, too, was looked upon as one who had deserved well of his beautiful city. Here then was a national theatre—even the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens. When comes there such another?

We had purposed to touch on the question of classification of theatres, but space will not permit. A visit to the numerous houses now open in London might prompt a wish that by some system or other spectators could be enabled beforehand to know what they would see and pay for. But we must content ourselves on this occasion with alluding to the wide discrepancies between the scenic exhibitions of the day and the entire absence of any regulating spirit in theatrical administration.

In Voltaire's excellent story, '*Le Monde comme il va*,' we are told so evil a report had reached the tutelary angel of Persepolis about the iniquities of that great city, that he commanded a holy hermit to

go thither and to make a report of all that he saw and heard during his residence in it. If the capital of Persia were really as black as it was painted, then it must be swept from the earth without loss of time. But if matters there were not quite so bad as they had been represented, then the Persians might have a reprieve. That the good should be consumed with the evil-doers could not be thought of by any right-minded guardian angel. Long was Hermit Baboue vexed with doubt: often did he witness things so atrocious as caused him to put down in his note-book, 'Persepolis must be destroyed.' Again, finding in spite of a lamentable preponderance of 'cakes and ale' there were still many virtuous people in that city, he made up his mind to report that Persepolis truly was in great need of sweeping reforms, yet that it was entitled, in consideration of a few well-conducted families in it, to a year or two of grace. Official reports in those days were not written on paper, but sometimes on bricks and sometimes on sheepskin, and Baboue had so much to say for and against the Persepolitans that he would have required a kiln of the one and a flock of '*nos moutons*' for the debtor and creditor account. So he hit on an ingenious device. He made an image of precious and vile materials. Part of it was composed of gold and gems, part of mud and straw. The angel had read his riddle. He saw that, in Andrew Fairservice's phrase about Rob Roy, Persepolis was 'o'er bad for blessin' and o'er gude for bannin', and he kept his thunder-bolts for the nonce in his shot-belt. Angels presiding over playhouses, and hermits, since Vauxhall Gardens were transmuted into a railway station, are not easily met with. But if we were required to go on Baboue's errand, and report on the present condition of the English stage, we should follow the discreet anchorite's example, point out the vile materials in our image, but call attention also to the gold and the gems, and indulge in the pleasures of hope for the future.

W. BODHAM DONNE.



TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

CHAPTER I.

CLIMAX.

Is it wise to open with a recital of suffering? Perhaps not. Nevertheless, as the traveller on entering a long avenue perceives in the dim high distance a monument, and is tempted to enquire its significance, so also in regard of our story, which journeys upwards towards a sorrow, as it were set on a hill. There may echo around us the peal of marriage bells; the air may breathe sweet with orange blossoms and stephanotis, the sky be bright and unflecked; all may appear halcyon; yet towering against the horizon stands a structure of evil omen, to which our path surely tends. We may, perhaps, be pardoned for the use of a telescope. Better by far know the worst. We have at least a hope that after the disagreeable object once be passed, our prospect will improve, that we shall descend from a summit of grief upon the green and golden meadows of joy, our backs for ever turned upon that which appears so hateful in its horror.

To descend from metaphor. Enter, if you will, a garret, low, bare, dusky-glazed. Dirt revels in its every crevice and corner undisturbed of water. Vermin find therein a congenial home. Despite the apertures in the window-panes, its odour is stifling, for on a rickety bed lie two human beings battling with typhus, helpless as babes. Nor nurse, nor doctor, nor sister of charity watches the flicker of life. These two are alone. Husband and wife. Very dear are they to one another; to the great world without the veriest ciphers, to the remaining occupants of a low London lodging objects of unqualified aversion. Indeed, the spirit of caste has interfered to their detriment. Are they not gentle? Are they not, by birth and speech, members of a higher class, albeit sunk to the level of a most squalid obscurity. Look at them even in their misery and degradation, and you cannot doubt their quality, which is now nothing short of a bane, for it deprives them of the little sympathy and kindness which operative accords to operative, and rogue to rogue—which gentleman, too, can feel for gentleman, provided always that Lazarus be well clothed, and a truly humble beggar to boot.



M. E. FREER.

"TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST."



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It is evening. There is the *canto fermo* of a grand mellow-sounding bell rising above the commixture of diverse sounds, unheard save in the heart of London. There is a babel of voices rising from the streets. There is unrest without, as within. A mocking moon comes flickering through the dingy glass. It lights up the parched lips of a delirious lady chattering about her little baby boy. It lights the compressed features of a man crushed by destiny, who is hissing malediction on some soul, whom he accuses before the bar of Heaven as the author of his agony. A tell-tale is this same moon of sad secrets. Of beauty emaciated, although beauty still; of manhood aged, yet not altogether broken; of clothes that had once been fit for, nay, more, had adorned the saloons of society, now torn and worn; of all the horrors which attend on uncared-for disease; of a chamber o'er which the angel of death is hovering with anxious greed; of a fatal vacuum of hope.

And who are these poor sufferers so utterly forsaken? They are not precisely the people you might have supposed; for the man is a clergyman, who not so long since held a pleasant enough vicarage, and his wife a lady, tenderly nurtured in every conceivable luxury. To-day, alas! is their day of darkness and despair—a day more dreadful by force of contrast to souls on whom the sun has shone. Outcasts of a harsh social system, they must suffer remote from their equals; and should death descend upon them, all that their fellow-creatures will prate of them is, 'Serve them right. If ever people courted ruin recklessly, those be they.'

And why?

Because they had violated that fundamental principle of Christian morals, 'Thou shalt not trust thy neighbour.' True, in other respects their Christianity had risen above the average. They had in their little day, hand in hand, heart by heart, visited the sick, fed the hungry, given to the poor, and instructed the young. Their lives had been devoted to works of mercy. But a mere attention to these minor matters proved no atonement for their great transgression. It is allowed by the most reliable authority, that a man who places unlimited confidence in his fellow-man deserves all he gets. And as for his wife, she takes him for better—or for worse. Let her share his lot. It is her right. This is the doctrine of the righteous. There are sinners, dwellers in Bohemia, and the like, who might feel compassion for such a case. Their argument would be, that the man must have done something very wrong to have sunk so low; and, having themselves been guilty of something very wrong, they would at least bestow their sympathy.

As a matter of fact, these 'miserables' no more merit the equivocal pity of the naughty than the crushing condemnation of the saints. Cruelly punished, they have to expiate an error, even as the harmless lark, which, going forth to sing her pretty song to a callous world, falls

wounded in the throat by way of 'sport,' and ebbs out a life in the furrow, which was destined for the sky.

If the whole creation groaneth and travaillith, no marvel that man has to bear his proper proportion of the universal injury.

CHAPTER II.

THE MINOR CANON.

A CERTAIN illustrious statesman, speaking from his place in the legislature, elected to style a small section of the Anglican Communion 'the inferior clergy.' He applied the obnoxious epithet not to the Welsh, Irish, or mountain clerics, not to the results of Lampeter, Dublin, St. Bees, or of any other short cut to ordination, but to the minor canons of cathedrals and holders of like offices, where a knowledge of ecclesiastical music is essential. The units thus reviled felt themselves to be collectively injured. Nevertheless the popular leader did but echo the sentiments of national ecclesiasticism. There may be some few who consider the individuals in question rather raised than degraded by an acquaintance with art. Such, however, is not the general opinion. In England, in spite of some improvement, owing mainly to the noble influence of the late Prince Consort, there is none of that wide-spread reverence for art and artists which lies at the root of the deeper and grander German soul. In England a man's life consists in the abundance of the things he possesseth. Minor canons are poorly salaried; minor canons also have to earn their bread by the practice of music. There are two reasons at once for their obvious inferiority in the eyes of a Church, and a nation.

The musical clergy must on no account be confused with the ritualists, who as a rule are guiltless of music either in theory, or practice. The body of men referred to are to be found in choirs, and places where they sing, not on raised platforms where they howl. These people form a school of practical art, not of speculative thought. Within their ranks indeed may be discovered every shade of tolerated belief, from Unionism to Calvinism longitudinally, latitudinally from idealism to indifferentism. No doubt, one cause of the small esteem in which they are held is, that they have not as yet conspired together to start a new doctrine, or revive an obsolete ceremony.

To this order of pariahs belonged the Reverend Theodore Lovett, M.A. He was one of the inferiors of Blankton Cathedral, at the time our narrative commences, and, being so, it may be well to explain how it came to pass, that he occupied a position so very undignified, and undesirable.

Perhaps, for the sake of truth, we may be allowed to differ from the

Dean and Canons of Blankton. In spite of their unspoken but carefully-conveyed judgment, we assert that Mr. Lovett was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. In respect of birth, he was a junior of an ancient county family, which two centuries back were of importance, in the last century of respectability. The son of an improvident father, his education was at an obscure school, from whence in all likelihood he would have travelled eastwards to make a fortune, or find a grave, had he not unluckily been gifted with ability adequate to raise him above the sons of farmers and tradesmen, who formed the staple of his school. It was in consequence of his obtaining a monopoly of prizes, that the head-master—there was but one other—urged his parents to give their boy the blessing of a university education; glossing over the fact, that the standard of scholarship at his school was beneath the lowest university average. His parents were at once flattered, and gulled. In their mind's eye their boy was booked for a first, and a fellowship. Hence at eighteen young Lovett betook himself, with no small spice of self-satisfaction, to an inferior college in the University of —, as a commoner. This particular college had been advised by his late pedagogue, on the ground of its having been his own. Apart from this somewhat equivocal recommendation, it certainly had its merits, for although it must be classed among those, which shine neither in respect of aristocracy nor intellect, it happened at that time to be presided over by a pushing adventurer, who intended to utilise his headship as a stepping-stone to a spiritual peerage. To use a common phrase, he had 'raised' his college. His tutors were men of some mark, and by their unremitting exertions an occasional high honour would accrue to the society. Lectures, of course, were adapted for aspiring students, wherein ambitious young Lovett, at school regarded as a miracle of classical attainments, imagined that he was about to distinguish himself among men of his own standing. Cruel illusion! It vanished in the course of one short hour, during which he made a discovery concerning the correct construing of Cicero in Verrem rather painful to himself. The lecture-room smiled down his young dream of honours. It needed not the sarcastic sneer of a private tutor on his previous training to convince his judgment that grammar-school boys are virtually estopped from the good things of the university. It was, in truth, only too palpable that a half-educated man, however industrious, is unwise to enter the lists with highly-trained scholarly athletes. Common sense could but predict a certain failure. In the bitterness of disappointment he wrote despairingly to his relations, adding that, inasmuch as college expenditure, which they anticipated was going to be a sound investment, would prove the merest waste of capital, he desired, in honour, to save all that he could. His parents were poor, and could ill afford fifty pounds a quarter, the minimum sum which would enable him to graduate as a commoner. He therefore proposed at once to apply for a servitorship.

About to sue *in forma pauperis* for one of those abominable doles, his eye accidentally met with an advertisement for a choral scholar to take part in the choir services of — College, the requisites being a good voice and some knowledge of music. This appeared a more satisfactory opening than the painful humility of a servitor's condition. The choral scholars of — College he had heard applauded at amateur concerts. Their position was by no means unenviable. They were respectably salaried, and prime favourites among their own men. He lost no time in making application for the vacancy, and having a fresh voice and accurate ear, plus a small amount of musical knowledge, contrived to acquit himself so creditably at the competitive trial that he was elected into a choir composed of young and ardent musicians, who applied themselves to their beautiful art with more than moderate success.

The future of such a devotee, as young Lovett soon became, is but too easily forecast. In following destiny happily enough, he grew to be a musical enthusiast. He worked positively and determinedly to acquire a thorough mastery over a subject which of all others needs the most prolonged and arduous study. Nor in vain. Before the B.A. degree terminated his college career his name was known as a modest, but faithful, interpreter of Art. To him the authorities were bland. Proud of their grand choral service, they were by no means indisposed to patronise a member of the choir who proved exceptionally useful. Hence, when shortly after he applied for special testimonials to the Dean and Chapter of Blankton for a minor canonry in their cathedral, they were not only forthcoming, but were so decidedly laudatory as to carry the election in his favour; and thus it happened that at five-and-twenty he entered upon the duties of a cathedral subordinate.

Now, although much is expected of a minor canon in this cathedral of Blankton, much to him is not paid. The salary, in short, is not bread and butter for a frugal bachelor. The chapter have adhered to the exact sum mentioned in the mediæval statutes, irrespective of the relative value of money, which has depreciated about five-and-twenty fold. The balance may be said to go in providing the dean's and canons' wives with elaborate, their daughters with gorgeous, raiment. Thereby the dignity of the Church is supported, and the capitular conscience alike satisfied and gratified. The result of this ecclesiastical equity is that minor canons, who are not blest with private means, have to supplement their income by doing extra work as curates, or by what is termed occasional duty. Mr. Lovett, being poor, had to put his shoulder to the wheel. The charge of a large suburban parish, which he was forced to accept, devolved upon him two services every Sunday, in addition to two in the cathedral; besides the usual drudgery of day-schools, and night-schools, and visiting the sick and humouring the hale, and burials and weddings, all of which had to be dovetailed

with his daily duties in the choir of the cathedral. Needless is it to add that this amount of labour began ere long to tell, not so much on his general health—for he was robust—as on an over-taxed throat, which, after a decade of strain, began to display unmistakable signs of feebleness and failure. Intoning, the special vocation of minor canons, is at best very destructive of the vocal powers. It involves a tension of the voice on the middle notes of the register to their detriment, and to the enfeebling of those above and below. In the Roman ritual the priest is allowed a liberty of abundant inflexions, which ease and relieve his throat. The Anglican cathedral use is almost wholly on a monotone, and therefore far more exacting. A day always comes, sooner or later, to these inferior clergy, when the over-exerted organ gives way, when dean and canons, who hitherto had smiled in condescending distance, begin to scowl in menacing nearness, threatening to visit the loss of voice with removal or curtailment of daily bread.

For, be it remarked, between majors and minors, i.e. between superiors and inferiors, there lies an immeasurable Sahara. Minors have been known to share the same Divine Service for years with majors, without so much as one word being exchanged, even common civility being at a discount. As for the Maximus—the dean—such an abstraction is so far above inferiority as to be unaware of its existence, unless indeed perchance something goes wrong, such as the omission of a prayer, the misplacement of a collect, or an unavoidable absence of a subordinate from his stall; upon which trials to decanal temper occurring, the language of the cathedral Jupiter becomes of an annihilating variety, and verily

The Assyrian comes down like the wolf on the fold.

Mr. Lovett intoned, read, and preached for something over ten years, and then in due time his day of incapacity arrived.

As follows :

The pertinacious damp of an English November had attacked him in his most vulnerable point—the throat. He was responsible for his usual four services on the day following, being Sunday. Yet his tonsils were on fire, his uvula swollen and relaxed. What was he to do? There was the vulgar old remedy of a mustard plaster. This, however, he knew by experience to be an unreliable remedy. There was nothing for it but to adopt strong measures, for no help could he obtain for his church services—what curate can, except through the medium of the almighty dollar?—whilst as regards the cathedral, out of the full number of minor canons—viz. four—the junior was absent on leave; the two seniors, being past work, employed a deputy; and the deputy was ill. He therefore sent for his medical man, who came blandly, shook his head seriously, and offered him a medical certificate that he was unfit for duty.

'Is there nothing to be done? No remedy, however painful, however violent?' enquired Mr. Lovett, whose zeal for his duty was ever apparent.

'A blister, perhaps,' suggested the doctor.

'A blister!'

'It might act as a counter-irritant, and reduce the internal inflammation.'

Mr. Lovett, being so advised, made no hesitation. A pair of scissors and a razor soon disfigured his whiskers. On went the blister, and an opium pill sent him to sleep.

Early on Sunday morning he awoke, excoriated horribly, his voice weak, but, as he thought, in better order. That he felt wretchedly ill did not matter. A working clergyman must not give way to fancies. He tied a George-the-fourth tie to hide his raw neck, and sallied forth to the early parish service.

This he performed somehow. Weakly enough, yet audibly, and without a *fiasco*. This service, however, was a matter of reading. He could pitch his voice to suit its capability. The trial was to come. As he hurried home shivering to a cup of tea, he was wretched. The whole of the cathedral service, lessons, litany, prayers, everything, bar the sermon, devolved upon him; for it must be remembered, that in the case of the greatest emergency a canon major—however junior in office—could hardly demean himself so far as to pray to God in public.

Perish the thought!

At length the big bells boomed for morning service, and the gay city of Blankton flocked to the cathedral. The dean himself was to preach. Master Ralph also, the star of the choir, was advertised in the local papers to emit a solo. Great attraction was there for the serious, greater still for the careless. To hear the opinions of a dean is edifying; to hear the voice of a highly-trained and effective chorister is delicious. In America, where they applaud in church, solos by boys are tabooed. The applause commanded by music might perhaps eclipse that afforded to rhetoric. In this country we are silent during all ecclesiastical proceedings, except when we are told to respond, and then we do our response in the most subdued of whispers. Not that we are indifferent, we are only, happily, undemonstrative.

To hazard a description of Blankton Cathedral would be rash, putting aside its utter impossibility, for, in all respects, Blankton and its denizens are abstractions, not by any means copies of an original. We have, however, to make one proviso, which assuredly separates Blankton from many, if not from most, cathedrals. It is not acoustically good. It would be superfluous to attempt to enounce the causes of this defect. Let it suffice, that to sing therein so as to be audible necessitates a very powerful clear voice, which must be

exerted to a steady *mezzo-forte* in order to produce the proper effect. Of this fact Mr. Lovett was, by long experience, painfully aware. Hence he marched in procession behind the singing men with a feeling of nervousness akin to a guilty conscience. Then there came the dead silence when the choir buries its head in the folds of surplices. Next uprose the dean, followed by the congregation, when, in the midst of rustling of silks and stuffs, and kicking of foot-stools, the sick minor canon wended his way in very tremulous and uncertain fashion through the dreary, dinning platitudes of 'Dearly beloved.' Great was his sense of relief when the organ began to give out the chant for 'Venite;' and he was quite in good spirits about himself, as he informed everybody, that the second lesson had terminated at the conclusion of a chapter of about eighty verses or so. The precenting of the Creed, however, revealed the ugly truth that his voice was already tried to the uttermost; nevertheless, he made a determined effort, and kept it under control as far as the Litany, which office, being inflected, he anticipated would prove easier than monotone. Alas! however, his throat was already unmanageable. In the suffrage for the queen he was seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing, causing one of those awful pauses in the service which make everyone feel awkward. So prolonged, indeed, was the *hiatus*, that the canon in residence, whose eyes flashed exceeding wrathful, was on the point of taking up the petition—unmusically of course—to the bitter sacrifice of canonical dignity; Mr. Lovett, however, had recovered sufficiently to be able to stammer on, not by any means without a most painful effort, as far as the suffrage for 'all in danger, necessity, and tribulation,' when he fairly broke down—his voice was dumb—and the canon in residence had, per force, to end the service.

After sermon and sacrament were concluded, he had to encounter irate authority.

The dean glared. The canon spoke in an offensive drawl. 'Mr. Lovett, you were hardly efficient this morning. I venture to enquire if we are to anticipate a repetition of this sort of a failure?'

'Most abominable, sir,' grunted the dean testily, 'and, I must add, demoralising to any congregation. I request, sir, for the future, whenever you are unable yourself to perform your duties in this cathedral, that you procure the assistance of a colleague!'

Considering that the canon had never condescended to utter to him before, and that these were the first syllables addressed by the dean to his subordinate for the space of some five years, there was a bald Erastianism about this attack refreshingly honest. It was the language of men salaried by thousands to one salaried by tens, quite irrespective of such trivialities as priests' orders, or birth, or education. Perhaps, after all, it was preferable to malicious slime; nevertheless, irritating enough in its little way. As for Mr. Lovett, having completely lost all power of speech, he could not even gasp a reply to his accusers.

This was lucky. Indignant at their anti-christian words, he could have retorted in common and comprehensible Saxon. Had he ventured in this free country to display such audacity, he would most certainly have lost his place, and with it his very minor salary, which to him meant much.

For it must be remarked that the word 'ministrans,' used in the mediæval statutes, was meant by the pious founder to signify 'serving God;' but that its modern interpretation is 'serving,' or, 'servant of' the chapter. A translation admirably adapted to secure the autocratic ends of the translators, who, having robbed the subordinates of their fair share of capitular revenues, add to injury as much insult as will secure abject submission to the existing state of things. Thus the dean and canon, judging from Mr. Lovett's silence on the present occasion, that he was respectfully penitent, marched off grandiosely to their respective luncheon tables, leaving the small man to wander home to his lodging, where he sickened of a fever, which laid him on his back for several weeks, and so terminated this ugly little episode.

The medical man who attended the invalid minor canon happened to be the confidential holder of the secrets of Mrs. Dean's physiology. He was also not unacquainted with the constitutional peculiarities of the juvenile Deans, both male and female. As for the great man himself, he never ailed. His rude health was alike the joy of insurance offices and the grief of successive premiers. Now doctors are the gossips of creation—at all events of that phase of phenomena known as Society. This one discoursed on the subject of his patient to the grand woman of the deanery, who in many, if not in most, respects was ruler of the cathedral. She had voted herself precentor. It was her special delight to patronise the choristers and to bully the organist. By her direction the weakest and most tuneless music was performed by the choir; because, as she justly remarked, she loved something that one can wag one's head to. Such being the case, she felt a warm interest in the service. The collapse of so sound and useful a voice as Mr. Lovett possessed was to her an annoying circumstance, and she expressed an earnest wish to the doctor that it might resuscitate after rest.

The doctor could hold out no hopes of anything of the sort. Mr. Lovett's organ, he said, was fatally injured by over-work. As far as music went, he should consider it almost useless.

This to her was bad news. She introduced the subject at dinner to her husband, who blustered a good deal about turning out lumber, and taking in fresh stock.

The eldest Miss Dean, a pretty girl in her teens, remarked, *sotto voce*, that Mr. Lovett had rather a nice smile; for which indiscreet speech she was sharply rebuked, her mamma asseverating that young ladies should not take notice of the features of such people.

This theory may be passable, but its application under present

circumstances was strange, except on the inferiority principle before alluded to, for the relations of Mr. Lovett were gentle-people, which certainly could not be predicated of the race of which Mrs. Dean herself was sprung. To be sure, she was fond of quoting

‘The old order ceaseth, giving place to new.’

A sentiment interpreted by some people, that new boots should stamp on old corns. *Canaille oblige!*

After a time Mr. Lovett recovered of his malady sufficiently to be able to return to duty. The sneer of the canon, however, agreed only too well with the dictum of the doctor. He had ceased to be efficient. His voice had not only lost its *timbre*, but was shaky and uncertain. The cathedral authorities glowered. He, honest man, felt honourably pained. It is excessively trying for a good workman to turn out bad work. At last a solution of the difficulty most unexpectedly offered itself.

The Dean and Chapter of Blankton have a very large patronage of livings in their gift. When a vacancy occurs, the turn goes to the dean and each of the canons in rotation. In this preferment the minor canons have neither part nor lot. It might have been supposed that, after long years of service, the working clergy of the cathedral would have something cosy to retire upon. Such, however, is not the case. The capitular body invariably nominated its own friends, who were emphatically not minor canons.

Now it came to pass that a somewhat notorious living fell vacant, viz. the vicarage of Mudflat, an ineligible residence in a swamp, of the annual value of two hundred and fifty pounds nett. The holder, Canon Grabbe, who was junior of the chapter, became so affected by the climate that he gave it up for a healthy living of less value, proclaiming to the world, that Mudflat was not a sufficiently extended sphere of labour. The world smiled to find that, in his more extended and very healthy sphere, the worthy canon subsequently did all his *labour* through the instrumentality of curates. However, the world is censorious, and we are not disposed to endorse its diatribes on a dignity. The next Universal Exhibition of Industry might appropriately contain photographs of those persons who are content to work without any prospect of reward or honour. They would be few enough in number; so few, that we shall believe in them better after a full view.

The turn, or in more intelligible English, the absolute nomination to Mudflat, fell to the dean, who hawked it all round to poor relations, and toadies, and partisans. Nevertheless the poor relations, and toadies, and partisans, having each one some claim on the dean declined to be shelved on Mudflat. Intending to wait for a more convenient location, they forged excuses. In dire perplexity as regards this uninviting preferment, the dean bethought him of his croaky minor canon. If he offered this birth to Mr. Lovett, he would kill two birds with one stone. First, he would insult the two senior minor canons,

by passing them over in favour of their junior: and the dean cordially hated all minor canons, but especially the two seniors, one of whom enjoyed an annoying reputation for piety, the other a still more annoying reputation for port. Next, he would get rid of an incumbrance in the shape of Mr. Lovett, who had knocked up too early in life, and who might become a virtual pensioner of the chapter for some forty years.

A further and a stronger motive lay hid in the background. It was proposed to appoint the next minor canon with something like an adequate salary. Hence Mr. Lovett's vacancy would afford him an opportunity of placing in the cathedral a hungry relation, who possessed every possible qualification for a musical appointment, except voice and ear.

He talked the matter over with his wife, who, to do her justice, was kind hearted enough to think of Mr. Lovett, and the possible good a living might do him. An energetic woman, she had her faults, and a motherly woman, she had her virtues. Her good nature decided the dean to dispose of Mudflat to the man who most needed it. Rather a paradox in arrangements, by the way.

'There is one point,' observed the great man reflectively, 'that I haven't thought of. Supposing this man Lovett shouldn't accept it? He has a delicate throat, and might be alarmed at the situation of the place. Eh, wife? You know I should not like to be refused by one of my own——'

'Servants' he would have said, but somehow the word stuck in his throat.

'Trust me,' replied the lady, 'he will jump at it.'

One morning after service the verger curtly informed Mr. Lovett that the dean desired to speak to him.

There was a Spartan simplicity about this. 'No compliments' or other superfluous amenities.

For the first time since his appointment as minor canon in the old half-boyish days, Mr. Lovett found himself within the deanery walls. So long ago was it since he had entered his superior's dwelling that the place seemed quite strange. Memory has a knack of daubing, here a dash of colour, there a spurious charm, everywhere size and height, till scenes and people become metamorphosed from the commonplace to something unreal. Somehow the mansion of the great man looked small, by comparison, and dingy. He was shown into the study, a room well lined with antique volumes and heavily furnished. The dean received him with an air of indifference, not unlike boredom, taking up a position of advantage with his back to the fire. A hungry-mouthed, hard-featured ecclesiastic was this dean. Success had not made him pleasant. Unlike a dignitary now, alas! no more, he could not assert that, ever since his appointment as dean, he had given up prayers as superfluous and taken wholly to the giving of thanks. He, on the

contrary, looked dissatisfied with all the world, and more particularly with Mr. Lovett, as he grunted 'morning' in a tone which amply justified his oft-repeated assertion that he hated music.

Whereupon Mr. Lovett bowed—too low perhaps.

No hand-shaking, be it remarked, or seat-taking, or any other formality.

'You appear, sir, to suffer from a chronic affection of the throat,' began the dean.

'It is, Mr. Dean, I own unfortunately too true, but——' and Mr. Lovett was about to make excuses, when the dean interrupted with—

'Exactly, it interferes with the proper performance of your duties. The organist, I am given to understand, has made repeated complaints.'

'The organist!'

There was a double shuffle about this. The organist had no more right to criticise the voice of a minor canon than the verger. The organist was in no respect the equal of the minor canons, still less an authority above them. Further, Mr. Lovett knew that he was a very retiring person, who abhorred strife, and would sacrifice anything and everything for the sake of peace. Altogether it was most unlikely, that he should have turned surreptitious accuser. Nor, in fact, was such the case. The dean, having heard incessant grumblings from his wife, had assumed that she was inspired by the organist. Indeed that grovelling functionary had quite enough of the good lady's tongue. She was down upon him perpetually, either with patronage or interference; whilst the poor musician fawned upon her to her face, and took it out in acrimonious derision behind her back.

'Yes, sir,' continued the dean, 'it is my duty to inform you that excessive dissatisfaction has been expressed in more than one quarter. In short by the organist, and the congregation, and the chapter,' and the dean stared very hard. Perhaps he was afraid, lest his coming offer of Mudflat might be declined with thanks.

'But, Mr. Dean,' rejoined the all-unsuspecting minor canon, 'you surely must confess that, however incapable I may appear to-day, I have done good service in your cathedral for many years.'

'Possibly, sir, possibly,' was the reply.

A dead silence ensued, intended by the dean to be as embarrassing as might be, Mr. Lovett all the while standing, his opponent looking at him very much as though he should dearly like to administer a sound thrashing on the spot.

At length the patience of a not naturally impatient man was fairly exhausted. There was a cool insolence about the method of procedure very galling.

'May I ask,' he said in a low tone, 'whether this interview is designed to induce me to tender my resignation, because, if so, I——?'

'Mr. Lovett,' interposed the dean haughtily, 'you are aware that custom is against dismissal of a minor canon for incompetency. I have no desire to go beyond custom, nevertheless the fact remains—you are incompetent, and our service suffers.'

The great man appeared cruelly and provokingly unruffled. His features wore the unmerciful indifference of a *croupier*.

Said Mr. Lovett in a hurried tremulous tone, 'I—I submit, that after a long connection with this place, I am in equity entitled to due consideration. A man ought not to spend the best years of his life for nothing. Of course, if I am unfit for duty, I must deputise, but respectfully and firmly I decline to resign. I take my stand upon my rights, legal and moral. By virtue of past services, faithfully rendered, I demand, at least, the same leniency as is extended to a lay-clerk or a verger.'

The dean smiled a sardonic smile. His fish, obviously hooked, was being played so beautifully that it might be possible to land him at once.

'I suppose, sir, if any other position were offered you, say of superior value to your existing appointment, you might accept it, even although it did entail upon you the pain of resigning your preferment in the cathedral?'

A light flashed across Mr. Lovett's brain. He was too astonished at this query to frame an answer.

'Eh! Mr. Lovett?'

'Why, no—that is to say, yes, Mr. Dean; of course, I should be rejoiced at such an offer.'

'Then, sir, you have the option of the vicarage of Mudflat, now in my nomination. The annual value is two hundred and fifty pounds. There is an agreeable residence, and a poor population, requiring the ministrations of a faithful pastor. I do not desire your reply to-day. You will weigh well the responsibility attaching itself to a position of the sort, and write your decision to the chapter-clerk within one week from this date. I must add, in conclusion, that we are already saddled with one deputy for two incompetent persons. I have a strong objection to deputies, on principle, and I certainly shall not sanction one of your appointment. Morning!' And with this salute, the dean wheeled rapidly to the right about, giving Mr. Lovett an expansive view of coat tail and knee breeches.

'Sir,' cried the minor canon with emotion, 'I am really very, very grateful for this liberal offer!'

'Morning,' barked the dean from over his shoulder in his most offensive tone.

Thus, even a favour—for a favour it was—could not be bestowed upon this inferior person graciously. Bar the small modicum of cant, it was flung as a bone to a hungry dog.

The exigencies of his position prevailed. Mr. Lovett positively

accepted Mudflat, without so much as setting eyes on its ugliness. Thus the dean gained one point; the other, however, he was not so clear about. The two senior minor canons did not display their wrath, even supposing that they felt it. On the contrary, they accepted the logic of facts blandly enough. The pious man, in congratulating his brother inferior, gave him his blessing and an anthem by himself composed about half a century back for the installation of the present dean's predecessor, with verse for A. T. T. B., the words being 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord' — from which we may infer that the pious man was not very well versed in his Bible, and had been a bit of a flunkey in his day. The port-winey man assigned him, as a parting present, a dozen of '34 from his own cellar.

'My dear boy,' he cried, cheerily, 'don't overwhelm me with thanks. The wine wants drinking, and Mudflat is the most malarious hole in the county.'

Thus terminated Mr. Lovett's career as minor canon of Blankton. Practically speaking, he exchanged his present poverty in a cathedral for a small competency in a dull, unhealthy solitude. The bargain was not a good one, yet it represented the total result of the labours of his young manhood—a poor profit, indeed! yet, withal, a little store for the future of life, and therefore to him of priceless value!

[*To be continued.*]



AN APOLOGY.

'T is true that my glances have wandered
 O'er the faces around me that bloom,
 And many the smile I have squandered,
 But ask not when, where, and on whom.

If my looks are so brimful of meaning,
 I vow I would rather be blind
 Than to feel, while enjoyment I'm gleaning,
 That a lecture will follow behind.

It were idle to cast a reflection
 On the needle's consistence and worth,
 Though it wavers in every direction
 Ere it steadfastly points to the North.

All day though the bee seems a rover,
 As he murmurs o'er garden and green,
 He carries the sweets of the clover
 At eve to the feet of his queen.

There are blossoms that owe all their brightness
 To the hue that each chiefly displays,
 But you are the snowdrop whose whiteness
 Is the blending of infinite rays.

As the gay tints of Art wake a yearning
 For Nature's sweet emerald hue,
 So is born in my glances returning
 New light as they rest upon you.

A. J. BEGBIE.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

BY AN OLD M.P.

‘FRENCHMEN, neighbours, do not interfere in the business which we are settling in Germany. It might ill agree with you. Take care not to fan the flame, take care not to smother it. You might easily burn your fingers in it.’ ‘And the hour *will* come; remain then quiet. We might misunderstand you, and in our impolite way quiet you rather roughly; for if we formerly, in our servile cramped condition, were able to overcome you sometimes, far more should we have the power of doing so in the intoxication of our unity.’ ‘You have more to fear from freed Germany than from the Holy Alliance and all the Croats and Cossacks.’ ‘We forget nothing, you see; and when we shall feel inclined to quarrel with you, sufficient reasons will not be wanting. Anyhow, I advise you, be on your guard. Whatever may happen in Germany, the Crown Prince of Prussia or Dr. Wirth may get to supreme power; be always armed, remain quietly at your post, shouldering your arms. I mean it kindly with you, and I was alarmed when I heard lately that your ministers intend to disarm France.’

So wrote Heinrich Heine more than thirty years ago; the German poet and author, who had become acclimatised in Paris, and who understood the relationship between the Romanised Celt and the Teuton better than any other literary man of his time. When those words were written the father of the present Emperor-King reigned in Prussia, and Heine’s allusion to the Crown Prince referred to the late King, brother of his present Majesty: in France reigned Louis-Philippe of Orleans. Heine apostrophised the French nation in his fantastical way, with that power of prophecy often possessed by poets, and that intense appreciation of German philosophical development which, in his mind, foreshadowed the political. This prediction has been fulfilled; the Teuton *has* turned round once more upon the Celt, to retaliate for undue interference with German concerns; and the ungentle Teuton has done his work boldly, firmly, and roughly. As yet it is utterly impossible for any country or any individual to realise the importance of the present position on the Continent; the spectator must stand aloof, regarding breathlessly the crisis to which both nations have brought themselves.

Chary ought we to be of the platitudes of comment, so lavishly bestowed upon both peoples, by those who often bring nothing more to the assertion of their opinion on this great period of European history than a superficial acquaintance with either people during a Continental tour, a perusal of the accounts of the actual conflict, and the influence exercised on them, either by the way their material interests are affected or their sympathies worked upon. But none of these are fitting grounds for judging or comprehending such national phases as are now exhibited before us. However historical reasons may be sneered at by some, as having been outgrown by actual occurrences, they are the only groundwork which can enable us to realise, with justice to both nations, their present position and the very powerful effect this position must once for all have on the new future on which Europe is entering. But what are historical grounds? Are they the mere recital of so many battles—of the reigns of so many kings—of the names of so many generals or ambitious statesmen? No; true historical grounds embody those ideas of the development of peoples, which are founded on the consideration of the influence of climate, of the bodily and mental constitution of a race, of the wants found existing in the natural formation and products of a country, of the wants created by various accidental causes, and which are lastly founded on the consideration of the influences exercised on the inhabitants of any district by the peoples bordering on their domain. These various natural conditions will call out the peculiar qualities of a people, form its idiosyncrasy and model its development; on the direction of this development will depend its position and power among the other nations of the world.

Jealously must a nation watch the direction of its development; on that being right or false will depend its greatness, its worth, its vitality, and its name among the sister nations of the earth. The more we study history, as it should be studied, the clearer our view becomes over the nations of antiquity; the more faithfully we portray to ourselves the realities of modern national life, the more surely shall we come to the conclusion that there is but one true principle for the development of nations—that which comprises in the interests of the aggregate number the just interests of the individual; that which, according to the various classes originated by occupation and the supply of human wants, has a due regard to the requirements of all these classes, and gives all a fair chance of obtaining in their own sphere the highest state of bodily and mental well-being. This principle may be carried out in various ways, according to the various qualities of a nation and its surrounding circumstances, but *principle* it must remain, or the life of that nation, as a nation, is circumscribed. No art tendency, however high; no tendency towards military power, however great; no tendency towards mere outward glory, however brilliant; no tendency towards freedom from State restraint, however enticing; no tendency towards

the accumulation of wealth, however imposing; will save any nation that has not in some way or other before its eyes that greatest of all truths: 'Legislate for the aggregate classes as if you had before you individual classes.' So clearly does history show us that the wrong direction of any national development has been avenged by its own evil consequences that we may say this principle seems to embody the responsibility of the various branches of the human family to the whole of mankind.

The stagnation which we might expect to occur in the history of nations is obviated by the ever-varying fluctuation of their vitality, or, as we call it, by their rise and fall. However our sympathies may have been engaged for any individual nationality at any former period of its existence, it is utterly futile to wish to recall it to life, should its vitality have become a dead letter. We *cannot* by any treaties, alliances, securities of neutrality, or other official proppings give back that life which belonged only to a previous existence; although we may through them be able to maintain the life that exists. Hence nations ought to look to themselves. Just as the individual is not permitted by nature to play with the capabilities of his corporeal or mental formation, so is a nation not permitted to deal slightly with those grander principles that form its vitality. If it be allowed, that nations by neglect, by torpitude, by surfeit of power, by want of activity, by indulging merely in the acquisition of wealth among single classes, by undervaluing the duties due by the individual to the State, and the State to the individual, lose their standing, then we must also allow that others by activity, diligence, by wise management of power, by exertions in creating a high mental standard for themselves, by the subjection of the individual to the large interest of the mass, will rise to pre-eminence. Sternly lies the way of nations before them. This truth has been recognised by all great reformers, by all great leaders of nations, and though our sympathies may be engaged for peculiar national developments, it is mere futile sentiment to wish to recall that which has mouldered to dust long ago.

Whatever may be said of the older nations or of others that have disappeared or dwindled down, as nations, in the modern era of historic existence, neither the Teuton nor the Romanised Celt shows at present signs of annihilation of force. The Teuton has awakened from that long sleep of puerile division that lessened his influence in Europe, and stands at bay for the time, daring any nation to repeat the famous speech of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, which he addressed to his general Germanicus on the latter representing to him—after thirty years' fruitless Roman struggles to subdue the north-western tribes of Germany—that but one more campaign was wanted to accomplish this object: 'Leave them' (the German tribes), said Tiberius, 'alone now, they will war with and destroy each other.'

In the momentous shock of the last daring attempt against German

national regeneration and unification, the Roman-Celt has to feel the Teuton's heavy hand; there is no denying it, the aggressive policy of the French has reacted upon themselves and is producing as severe a punishment for wrong direction as ever any nationality suffered since a history of mankind has existed. If the Teuton can scarcely sufficiently show to the world his self-assertion, the other, the Celt, has, after the first lesson of degraded nationality, recovered his old proud valour and is struggling in the grasp of his mighty neighbour to maintain some of that former glory of being the foremost military nation in Europe. It is a grand duel, bringing in its train individual suffering of no ordinary degree, but at the same time purifying the grosser elements of mere material indulgence by higher motives of action.

For us, who are spectators merely, but who must at the same time participate later in the effect of the modifications which the result of this struggle will bring about, it is of no ordinary consequence to enquire, *why* has it been possible that a nationality in the east of Germany of such apparently young growth should have acquired so much internal strength as not only to have become the watchword for assembling under its wings the various divisions of Germany, but also, assisted by these divisions, to have been able to return the challenge and in its turn throw the onus of aggression upon the aggressor.

In studying ancient history, we trace results from the foundations of nations, marking the changes. It is strange how we neglect this principle in modern history; we take the occurrences of our present civilisation by piecemeal, by single periods and facts, stumbling about among the nations of Europe as if they were so many blocks of stone unimpressionable to the influence of circumstances and time.

That great Franconian Empire, which was formed from the *débris* of a portion of the western Roman power, and which, a thousand years ago, occupied the area between the Baltic and the Atlantic, the North Sea and the Adriatic, had been originated by a German nationality (the Franks) with whom many minor tribes had amalgamated. From this empire drifted off to the east, the German realm with the imperial dignity, and to the west, France. Since then both have gone their own way, up to our time, and the vicissitudes of a thousand years have ended in the reassertion of that great Teutonic nation which seemed almost crippled into insignificance at various times. And how have these thousand years been employed by both? After the first separation, France was left to flounder for a hundred years under the Carlovingians, and began under the family of Hugh Capet that career of consolidation into a unified State, which must naturally have led to a great development of military strength, but also laid the nation open to the oft-repeated calamity of being governed exclusively by one personality or one dominant passion. For three hundred and fifty years did the Capets rule France, and during the latter part of that period the towns had gained sufficient strength to be represented in the

'États Généraux;' but the royal power was rather strengthened as opposed to the nobility by this move, and when the Valois became the governors of France for two hundred and fifty years, the crown became stronger still, and annexed further provinces. The endless wars of succession with England, the struggles between the royal prerogative and the nobility, the attacks made by the princes of the blood upon each other, the long series of wars with Austria, during which the three German Bishoprics of Metz, Verdun, and Toul came three hundred years ago for the first time under French supremacy, and lastly the bloody and fierce disturbances between Protestants and Catholics, had again and again brought the country to the verge of ruin, had devastated its glorious fields and vineyards, trodden under foot the rights of the people, and dismantled its towns; till the end of the Valois dynasty left France torn into factious discontent, but, as a united monarchy, strong and martial in its development against its neighbours.

With Henry of Navarre the Bourbons mounted the throne of France, and occupied it for two hundred years till their disastrous fall—two hundred years, comprising the highest material development of the country and ending in its utter dissolution. There is no period of French history so indicative of the pernicious influence of single-handed power as that of Louis XIV., and his favourite maxim, 'L'État c'est moi,' may be said to have wrought even the disastrous consequences of our own time.

Under the Valois Francis I. the first colonial possession, 'Canada,' was acquired, but also the last vestige of a real people's representation lost. Under the Valois Henry II. the first encroachments on German ground were made, but it was the house of Bourbon that developed that peculiar thirst and lust for conquest among the French people, which have for centuries perverted their noble individual character. Some West Indian possessions were added by Louis XIII., and under Louis XIV. these were increased; large possessions in North America, Cape Breton, Madagascar, the Mauritius, Pondicherry, and other stations were acquired, and French Flanders, the Franche Comté, the Elsass with Strassburg incorporated. It is true, commerce, arts and sciences were cultivated, but the individual character of the people became depressed and deteriorated, while a heavy debt was heaped on the land. At last the nation, stunted in its natural development, was hopelessly given over to the hands of Louis XV., who, though he added the rest of Lorraine and Corsica, had to give up many American possessions to England, Louisiana and New Orleans to Spain, and, worse than all, precipitated France towards its political dissolution. One might almost shudder at the incompetency of the measures that were taken to restore something like an equilibrium in the financial means of the country before the first revolution—a revolution stirred far less by new ideas of some Utopian development than by the simple arithmetical truth, that the French people had never thought of extending beneficial government

to all classes, but had merely drawn subsistence from some classes to maintain others in a false state of prosperity.

When the senses become disturbed blood flows, and here it did flow, but not that purifying blood of just, renovating ideas, but rather the blood of excited passion, of false comprehension of liberty at home and greedy conquest abroad. This fulsome stream of blood brought about, in the course of a few years, the establishment of a single rule under the comprehensive daring and constructive genius of Bonaparte. When, satiated by the surfeit of conquest in Europe, this rule was annihilated, the country had fain to submit to the loss of all those magnificent acquisitions that had been gained since the fall of the Bourbons, and had again to return under their government. *That*, however, could not last; for *them* the French people had advanced too much in self-management, and after forty years from the first fall of the Bourbons—years chequered with turbulence, false military glory and political disasters—the nation was gained over by the promises of a constitutional monarch in the person of Louis-Philippe. He, however, afraid to trust the interests of his family to his people, governed France rather too much in the style of a large counting-house, and consequently lost his hold over it; allowing it to drift, after the existence of a short Republic, again into the hands of one man, the last Napoleon. With that speculative cleverness peculiar to him Napoleon did not unite the stout honesty to study the best and only way to manage and advance the French people, by individual development down to all classes; but imagined that by sweeping the dust off the old Paris streets, by the establishment of an ornamental army and navy, by the splendour of an imperial court, by the acquisition of commercial riches, by the fanciful interference in the concerns of other nations, he could build up a consolidated France. When his scheme proved abortive, he resorted to the old inducement of lust of conquest, and this time failed, as he had not reckoned on that vast and powerful response from his neighbour: ‘The hour *has* come,’ as Heine said, and France feels its mighty curse.

While the political development of France passed through such various phases, that of Germany fluctuated scarcely less.

The eastern portion of the Franconian Empire, to which the Imperial dignity was attached, developed itself under no sovereign and at no period of time into so unified a State as France had done.

The various minor sovereignties of Germany maintained a certain kind of individuality that became fused into homogeneous consistence according to the determined will and the power exercised over the princes of different degree by the German Emperors. Under the Carlovings, the successors of Charlemagne—he who had founded that immense Franconian Empire—Germany approached a period of dissolution; the powerful grasp of the first Emperor of the Saxonian line turned those hundred years of Carlovings misrule into a channel that forced the

princes of the Empire to consider its interests superior to their own petty jealousies. The hundred and twenty years of the Saxonian line of Emperors, the hundred and twenty following years of the Franconian line, and the hundred and thirty years of the Hohenstauffen, comprise in their extent a time during which Germany occupied no mean position, and realised in its complex political formation an amount of independent individual strength that became weaker and weaker in after-times. The Habsburg line, at the end of the thirteenth century, commenced an era in Germany that carried out the idea of a conglomeration of minor States, and occasioned thereby an oft-repeated warfare between its members, which the authority of the Emperor was not always sufficient to stem. A continual warfare with Italy to maintain a certain sovereignty over portions of it, which had gradually come into German power, a watchful and ever-varying warlike policy against the eastern frontier to hinder the inroads of various Slavonic and Magyar nationalities, and the struggles with the hierarchical power of the Popes, had occupied much of the time up to the accession of the Habsburgers; and during that time also had been formed the nucleus of that Prussian power, the Markgraviate, later Electorate, of Brandenburg, which dates from the early conquests of Saxon Counts over Slavonic tribes, settled in the eastern portion of Germany. During the two hundred and twenty years which followed the accession of the Habsburg family up to the Reformation, that family was anxiously occupied in increasing its own possessions in the south and east of Germany in order to make its position as opposed to that of the other German princes respected. Struggles between the aristocracy and the wealthy towns convulsed periods of that time; so did the envious anxiety about the rising power of France and Burgundy in the west, and the still greater fear of the invasion of the Turks in the east. Frequent endeavours to render the imperial power more powerful and homogeneous were partially successful in the celebrated sessions of the Imperial Diet; and here also came to light the first indications of that necessity of reform in spiritual matters which, taking for a time a violent turn in Bohemia during the fifteenth century, ended in the establishment of the Reformation in the sixteenth, and devastated the country in the seventeenth, thereby as it were separating the Northern or Protestant from the Southern or Catholic States. The embryo of future Prussia, the Electorate of Brandenburg, had meanwhile grown to greater dimensions, driven to the exercise of all its political vigilance by the circumstances that surrounded its very existence.

The seventeenth century comprised one of the most violent and most disastrous periods of German history; the German Emperors were not able to direct that great movement of the Reformation into a healthy channel, and it ended in a general warlike conflagration. France and Sweden were drawn into interference with German affairs, and Germany became the place where several of the greatest European

questions were fought out. The Peace of Westphalia left Germany weakened and disheartened, the Empire demoralised by external influence, and an easy prey to the aggressive policy of Louis XIV. At this time it was that the Electorate of Brandenburg strode into a higher policy, guided, we might say, by that man whose genius became the founder of its more elevated sphere—by the 'Great Elector.' From the small Markgraviate, created by the Saxon Counts, Brandenburg had steadily formed into a State on the sound principles of continued self-exertion. To this self-exertion it had been led by the natural struggle for life between the great States among which it found itself placed; and though after its first foundation by the Askanian family it had almost lost its very existence, through the negligence of the Imperial house, it rallied from the moment it came into the hands of the Hohenzollern, and developed into a sovereignty of considerable importance, guided by the determination to use all means in its power to render *every* citizen a useful member of the State, to encourage emigrants that had been chased away from other countries, to found schools, to regulate its financial system strictly, and to cultivate its stubborn soil with the utmost assiduity.

By the end of the seventeenth century there was formed against Louis XIV. a coalition whose soul was that wise sovereign William III. of England; with him the 'Great Elector' acted in concert against the Swedes, who were the allies of the French King. The Spanish succession war produced a further coalition, but though it put an end to the ambition of France, it left the German Empire weak. Sweden's power, it is true, became less dangerous for Germany, but the existence of the latter became threatened by a new element—the influential voice of Russia. Brandenburg, joined by this time to the two Prussian provinces near the Baltic, became a kingdom, and rose to be an antagonist to Austria's undisputed sway in Germany. The beginning of the eighteenth century produced no happy result in Germany itself; the loose ideas and morals of the French courts gained ascendancy, no immediate progressive movement was made, and it was not to be wondered at that the strict disciplinarian spirit of the young Prussian kingdom, led by the inexhaustible energies of Frederick II., should produce a new starting-point of German development, and direct the eyes of all Europe to those heroic exertions. But those very exertions, that very ascendancy over Austrian plethora, although it raised Prussia to the height of self-assertion, brought forth a reaction at the time when it behoved every European State to be on its guard. The French Revolution and the first French Empire found Prussia resting lazily on its laurels and Germany an awkward conglomeration, bound together by no patriotic ties: the result was certain; Napoleon made sad havoc with it and reduced the importance both of Prussia and the German Empire almost to *nil*. Then it was that those great regenerative desires arose and awakened much that had lain dormant in the nation;

originating those first longings for unity of action that have been crowned with success in our time.

The German Empire under Austrian rule finished its existence by the beginning of this century, and Prussia exercising its renewed military strength, on the principle that every able citizen should become a defender of his country, not only bravely bore its part in freeing Germany from foreign yoke, but since that time never swerved from its powerful striving for material and intellectual improvement, bearing at last with such overweening internal strength upon Austria and those German States that were opposed to the idea of northern unification as to strike them off the map of Germany under their former names.

Can it be wondered if from these historical considerations the result of the present war on the Continent has on one side led to the realisation of the German dream for regeneration as an Empire, and on the other to the heavy punishment of that aggressive policy of conquest which was not sufficiently backed by military strength to carry it out?

That so fertile a country as France, so productive a soil, so glorious a climate, should render a sanguine population little calculated to deal with those sterner maxims which the Prussians have had to learn is easily understood. Having had to make sandy soil productive, to make morasses fruitful, to use every endeavour to gain the utmost from their lands, and to employ all their strength in protecting the land they owned against the neighbours that began to fear those exertions, the Prussians have become a reliable but a stern nation, and when once convinced of some great necessity in carrying out an aim they have determined on, they follow up this track without fear or favour. That there is the danger of over-exertion in such a development is obvious, and that such men as Bismarck—who after all is but the mouthpiece of many to whose ideas he gives expression—are produced in such a nation, merely speaks for this nation's unswerving purpose. Bismarck cannot understand that he is wrong, when his mind has once grasped a plan, and he uses the means which he thinks prudence and foresight advise him to use in the execution of his design. 'If the German nation is strong enough to do so, let it assert itself,' is expressed by those words of his in the Parliament:

'Gentlemen, let us not differ on trifles when greater things are at stake. We cannot now have everything we want, but something may be gained. Assist Germany to vault into the saddle, and trust her to ride alone!'

That his wariness in dealing with the susceptibilities of the Southern Germans was imbued with the delicate tendency of his mission was proved by his assertion:

'As to political alliance between the two halves of Germany, I trust that, with or without it, the South will always stand by the North, as the North will always stand by the South.'

Count Bismarck is the political leader of a nation that has had to gain

every foot of its position by hard work ; that by such means it should have gained this position is in the nature of the various development of nationalities, and that this development should carry along with it certain harsh measures that appear to us in England little calculated to assure to the German nation that liberty which England itself enjoys, is palpable. But it would be not less unreasonable to say that England will disappear from the list of great nations (because, taking the lesson of history to heart, it has through its Ministers declared for the sensible course, to further its inner development and not go bragging about a strength, to exert which would only produce ultimate weakness and lead the country to absolute ruin) than it would be ridiculous to expect a country like Prussia to possess certain political liberties that could only have originated during a long career of independent exertions to obtain them, and that produced even in England an inequality of social prosperity which the present Ministry has made it its determined purpose to master and erase.

The present combination on the Continent must produce immense results ; it will, we hope, leave the German nation free to exercise its full strength in guiding its unification into channels that will be more free from the sterner attributes of supreme control, and allow the country the outward expression of free movement, free speech, and free political writing. But let us be sure that Bismarck, who has so well studied English institutions, knows that so heterogeneous a nation could only have been brought together by the sword and necessity.

And France, fair France ? That France should have been beaten in the struggle was a probability—that France has had to suffer was a sad necessity—that France may rise to be wiser in its development must be our prayer ! Not to fall into the hands of one man, but to use all its great men, to advise and work and produce a new era, which will restore again that European garden that represents the very principle of life's amenity to us. As sure as France will not acknowledge that it has had a lesson to learn, France will have suffered in vain. Germany did acknowledge, under the first Napoleon, that it had a lesson to learn. There happened then scenes which no correspondent would willingly have described : they were endured with humility. There are *now* towns in Germany that pay off loans made to furnish the war contributions of that time.

Under the threatening fortresses of Paris, on the bare fields of the eastern portion of France, in the churchyards by the roadside, and on the battle-grounds, where German and French soldiers, fathers, brothers and sons, lay together, and have paid the penalty of wrong views and wrong desires, there may perhaps arise the germ of a friendship as yet dimly probable, and this friendship may do more to wipe away those disastrous ravages than any fine talk that an English army would have prevented that bloodshed and stopped that duel which in Heine's words has been impending for years and years.

TOM POULTON'S JOKE.

A SOCIABLE CLUB of seventy or eighty choice spirits, calling itself 'The Serious Family,' and having for its president or chairman Mr. Tom Poulton, Barrister-at-Law in theory, and Nothing-at-All in fact, held its weekly meetings for some years in three or four large rooms in a dull gaunt house in Soho Square. The primary object of this association was the promotion of good-fellowship by the conciliatory medium of wholesome spirits and good tobacco. It possessed a secondary, or rather incidental, feature in the shape of a Provident Loan Fund, and according to the bye-laws of this fund, all members of the Club who had proved their general solvency by twelve regular monthly payments of one sovereign, were entitled to one loan of twenty-four pounds, to be repaid within six months of the date of borrowing. This fund was projected by Mr. Tom Poulton, who proved by statistics that, taking the general population of Great Britain and Ireland, including women and children, and excluding all members of the House of Peers and all registered paupers, only one person in four lived beyond his annual income; or, in other words, only one person in four had occasion to borrow money to meet his yearly expenditure. Assuming that these statistics were applicable to so many members of the Serious Family as elected to become subscribers to the projected Provident Loan Fund, it followed that for every four annual subscriptions of twelve pounds only one annual loan of twenty-four pounds would be applied for, leaving a clear annual balance of twenty-four other pounds in the fund's favour. But Mr. Tom Poulton did not close his eyes to the possibility that statistics which held good when applied to thirty-five million people, including women and children, might stand in need of some modification before they became applicable to an exceptional gathering of seventy or eighty young and middle-aged persons, among whom were no women and no children. He very fairly admitted the exceptional character of the Club, in the course of his speech on the motion that the fund should be instituted, but he contended that if as many as one in three, instead of one in four, were to apply at the year's end for the loan of twenty-four pounds, the result would show a clear balance of fifty per cent. in favour of the projected fund. He went on to show that if an application from one in three resulted in a profit of fifty per cent., an application from one in one and a half would result

in a profit of twenty-five per cent.; or, carrying the principle still further, an application from one in three-quarters would result in a profit of twelve and a half per cent.; from which an easy calculation would show that if every member of the Loan Fund who had subscribed twelve pounds were to insist on borrowing twenty-four, the clear annual profit in favour of the Club would be fifteen and five-eighths per cent., and Mr. Tom Poulton would undertake, in writing, to be responsible for the accuracy of his calculation. It was immediately proposed that this fund be forthwith instituted, and the proposition was carried by acclamation. Mr. Tom Poulton was immediately elected Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary, and Trustee of the fund, and the whole Club became subscribers to it.

Now this was one of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes. Mr. Tom Poulton had, among other valuable gifts, a keen sense of humour, so keen, indeed, that it was in no degree blunted if the joke turned against himself. Most of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes turned against himself, and the particular joke that Mr. Tom Poulton perpetrated in connection with the Serious Family Provident Loan Fund, proved especially disastrous to Mr. Tom Poulton, and, in the long run, especially beneficial to his intended victims, the subscribers to the fund.

As the year drew towards its close, and as all the twelve-pound subscribers to the fund intimated their intention of applying for loans of twenty-four pounds apiece (leaving a clear annual balance of fifteen and five-eighths per cent. in favour of the fund, according to Tom Poulton's own showing), Tom Poulton began to cast about for another joke that should have the effect of eclipsing, by the richness of its humour, the humour of the fund joke, and of obliterating, by the force of its agreeable *dénouement*, all recollection of the disappointment that would be occasioned by the *dénouement* of the fund joke.

One morning Mr. Tom Poulton called upon Mr. Richard Harris, the Secretary of the Serious Family. Mr. Harris was the chosen abettor of Mr. Poulton's little jokes. He also acted the part of Traitor-in-Ordinary to that gentleman, and brought all his ingenuity to bear upon the best means of causing Mr. Poulton's jokes to recoil upon himself. But Mr. Poulton's keen sense of humour reconciled him to all misfortunes that proceeded from it, and he and Mr. Harris were on the best of terms.

'Harris,' said Tom Poulton, 'I've arranged another sell for the Family, and I want your help.'

'It is yours,' said Harris. 'Details?'

'You are aware that all the Family will be down on me, in six weeks' time, for their twenty-four pound loans? Well, before they fall due I'm going to die.'

'Don't do that,' said Harris.

'Yes, my mind's made up. Listen. I've found an old man of my

name—Tom Poulton; I advertised for him. He is wretchedly poor, and he lives all by himself in Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill.'

'Well?'

'Well, he can't live three weeks, and I've taken lodgings in his house.'

'Still I don't see——'

'You're very dull. He can't live three weeks—that is to say, in three weeks he'll die and he'll be buried. The Family must hear of it through you, they will all come to the funeral, and I'll turn up among them.'

'But if you die, and don't repay them their money they have subscribed to the fund, I don't think they *will* come to the funeral.'

'Yes, I've arranged about that. I'll make my will, leaving every thing I have to be equally divided among them. The will must be opened by you immediately after my demise. I'll appoint you executor and I'll leave you—I'll leave you a hundred pounds for your trouble.'

'Thank you—thank you heartily.'

'Spend it judiciously, Richard—when you get it.'

'On the 17th November, at 3 Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Poulton, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.'

The Serious Family were very angry at Tom Poulton's death. He had pocketed nearly a thousand pounds of their money, and out of this sum they had counted on borrowing two thousand at Christmas. But by their chairman and treasurer's demise, not only was there no prospect of effecting the contemplated loan, but it became a very serious question whether they would ever see any of the paid-up capital again. It was voted abominable on Tom Poulton's part to die at such a crisis, and nobody expressed any intention of going to his funeral. However, Mr. Dick Harris completely justified Tom Poulton's dying by producing his will at the next meeting; the will left everything that Tom Poulton possessed to the society, to be divided equally among its members, and as Tom Poulton had three or four hundred a year from house property, everyone expressed an intention of going to his funeral.

The funeral was plain, not to say meagre, in its appointments; but no doubt Dick Harris, as executor, did not feel justified in putting the Serious Family to any unnecessary expense. It was voted thoughtful in Dick Harris, and never did any body of men feel more thoroughly convinced of the vanity of funeral pomp than did the members of the Serious Family as they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave.

But between the demise and burial of the Tom Poulton who actually *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had made an important discovery.

The Tom Poulton who *did* die turned out to be an extraordinarily wealthy old miser. His mattress was stuffed with bank-notes, and so was his easy chair, and under the boards of his room was gold to the amount of eight or nine thousand pounds. Moreover, he appeared to

have died intestate; at all events, the only will that was found was the will made in favour of the Serious Family by the Tom Poulton who did not die. In the absence of any other testamentary document applying to the property of the Tom Poulton who *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had no alternative but to apply to it the testamentary document drawn up and signed by the Tom Poulton who did *not* die. I will not attempt to describe how the grief of the Serious Family for the loss of Tom Poulton was tempered by the rapture with which they learnt that his estate was worth altogether some thirty or forty thousand pounds.

The day of Tom Poulton's funeral was a bitterly cold one. A drizzling November mist shrouded one half of the funeral party from the other half, and all were drenched to the skin. There had been much moralising among the mourners on the good qualities of poor Tom Poulton, on the eccentric taste that induced him to hoard away so much good money, and on the irreparable—almost irreparable—loss that his death would cause to the Family. As they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave, discoursing in saddened whispers to this effect, they were naturally rather surprised to find poor Tom Poulton standing among them, his eyes red with weeping and his general appearance carefully contrived to convey the idea that his grief at his own death was unbounded. It was natural enough that he should be sorry for his own death; the only unaccountable feature in the matter was his being present as a live mourner at his own funeral. This consideration appealed powerfully to Mr. Peter Hodgson, the member of the Serious Family who first became conscious of Mr. Tom Poulton's presence among them.

At first Mr. Peter Hodgson was not at all surprised. Mr. Tom Poulton was so thoroughly identified with all gatherings of the Serious Family, particularly with all funerals of deceased members (for it was a point of honour with the Family to muster in full strength on such occasions), that Mr. Peter Hodgson accepted his presence almost as a matter of course. His attention, however, was directed to the anomaly by Tom Poulton's first remark.

'Whose funeral is this?' said Tom.

Peter turned dead white.

'Why it's—it's yours, Tom,' said Peter.

'Mine?'

'Yes, Tom—yours.'

'This is scarcely a place or time for a joke, sir,' said Tom, sternly.

'Joke!' said Peter, 'it's no joke! Didn't you die last week?'

'I? Nonsense!'

'Well, anyway we're burying you, Tom Poulton!'

'Why do you call me Tom Poulton?'

'Aren't you Tom Poulton?'

'Certainly not—I don't even know the name—I happened to be passing through the Cemetery, and seeing a large crowd of mourners, I joined them from motives of mere curiosity.'

'Then, sir,' said Peter Hodgson, 'I never saw such a wonderful likeness of the very man we are burying in the whole course of my life!'

Tom glided mysteriously away from Peter Hodgson and made his way into the throng of mourners.

'Tom!' said another; 'why we are burying you!'

'My name, sir, is not Tom, and I have never been buried in my life.'

'Tom Poulton!' 'Tom Poulton!' 'Tom Poulton's alive and present!' passed from mouth to mouth, as the astounded Serious Family gazed in horror on his familiar, but by no means vulgar, features.

'Gentlemen,' said Tom Poulton, 'I must again assure you that you are deceived by an accidental resemblance; I am not Tom Poulton, and I never heard of him.'

And with a slight bow he walked away.

The principal topic of conversation that night, at the meeting of the Serious Family, was the miraculous appearance of somebody very like Tom Poulton, at Tom Poulton's funeral. It was held that it couldn't possibly have been Tom Poulton, because Tom Poulton was dead and buried, and Tom Poulton's will had been opened, by which he left thirty or forty thousand pounds in ready money to the Serious Family. This was held by implication only, as it never entered anybody's head to suggest that the mysterious stranger could possibly have been Tom Poulton.

The Club had resolved itself into a committee to consider the best means of investing or otherwise disposing of the handsome legacy which Tom Poulton had left them.

It was decided, as a first step, that, as a mark of respect to poor Tom Poulton's fund scheme, every member should be permitted to borrow twenty-four pounds from Tom's estate.

The question then arose whether it would be better to apply the balance to allowing every member a reasonable quantity of spirits and tobacco for life, without any payment whatever, or to divide it equally among the surviving members—a course of procedure that would give every member, after allowing for probate and executorial expenses, nearly one hundred pounds each.

As this interesting question was being put to the meeting by Mr. Richard Harris, Mr. Tom Poulton walked in.

Everybody looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Peter Hodgson, however, quickly recovered himself.

'Sir,' said he, 'this is a private club room, and strangers are not admitted unless they are introduced by members.'

'Ha! ha!' said Tom, 'bravo Peter!'

'Sir,' said another, 'we don't know who you are, but we must request you to withdraw.'

'Allow me to introduce myself,' said Tom, with much mock gravity.

'I am Mr. Tom Poulton, whose funeral you attended this morning.' And he took a chair and filled a pipe.

'If you imagine, sir, that because you bear a certain distant resemblance to our poor friend Tom Poulton, you are justified in horrifying his friends with a highly indecent practical joke——' began Peter Hodgson.

'A distant resemblance!'

'A very distant and shadowy resemblance, sir. Nothing more, I assure you.'

'Don't be a fool, Peter,' said Tom; 'we've had enough of this, haven't we, Dick?'

'We have, sir,' said Dick; 'I must insist on your withdrawing immediately.'

'Come, come,' said Tom, rather chapfallen; 'it was only my joke. I personated a poor old chap who happened to bear my name, in order to sell you all. Dick Hodgson and I arranged it together; didn't we, Dick?'

'Sir,' said Dick, 'I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. You will be good enough to withdraw, or we shall be under the necessity of expelling you by force.'

And as the members of the Club rose in a body with the evident intention of carrying Dick Hodgson's threat into effect, Mr. Tom Poulton withdrew with a very blank expression of countenance.

In order to test the feeling of the Club on the subject, it was immediately proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that Mr. Tom Poulton was dead and buried. The motion was carried by acclamation.

It was then proposed by Mr. Peter Hodgson and seconded by Mr. Dick Harris, that if, by any miracle, Mr. Tom Poulton came to life again, the whole of the legacy should be refunded to him, if possible, without driving him into Chancery for its recovery. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson, that the person who had just represented himself to be Tom Poulton restored to life was not in the least like Tom Poulton, and that he had no claim, and never by any possibility could have any claim, to the legacy in question. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

The question was considered settled by all but Tom Poulton himself.

Tom Poulton besieged the Club doors day after day, but to no effect. The Hall Porter—they had started a Hall Porter and many other conveniences since Tom Poulton's death—had received strict injunctions not to admit any person calling himself Tom Poulton. He treated Tom kindly enough, believing him to be a harmless monomaniac, but no consideration could induce him to admit Tom within the Club threshold.

Tom next tried the parish surgeon who gave the certificate of the dead Tom Poulton's death. But all the surgeon could prove was that

the Tom Poulton who died was not at all like the Tom Poulton who stood before him. On the whole, this materially strengthened the Club's case; particularly as the description given by the surgeon of the dead Tom Poulton's personal appearance corresponded exactly with every member's recollection of the unfortunate chairman of the Serious Family. It was finally voted that, on the surgeon's evidence, poor Tom Poulton was more dead than ever.

Do what he might, Tom Poulton could *not* prove himself to be alive. Nobody would hear of it for a moment. He appealed (at some pecuniary loss) to his tradesmen for identification. They identified him without hesitation as the Tom Poulton who owed them money, but they furnished no clue that would serve to identify him with the Tom Poulton who had been chairman of the Serious Family.

He never rested. He prepared petitions, but no one would present them. He commenced actions, but he broke down at the declaration for want of money. He called day after day at the Club, but the Hall Porter was adamant. He addressed letter after letter to every member of the Club, and enclosed stamped envelopes for reply, but they tore up the envelopes and applied the stamps to other uses.

At first, these appeals amused the Club immensely, but after six or eight months' persecution, the Family began to get tired of it. The *soi-disant* Tom Poulton was voted a bore, and at length it was solemnly proposed that negotiations should be opened with him with the view of arriving at some compromise. Mr. Tom Poulton was formally invited into the Club-room, but he was informed that for the purposes of that meeting his name was Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick. Tom was reduced to that condition of self-abnegation that he really had no objection to this arrangement.

It was then and there arranged with Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick that so long as Tom Poulton continued to be dead, an annual salary of one hundred pounds should be paid, quarterly, to the Major-General by the Committee of the Serious Family. The Major-General accepted this proposition with alacrity, and he was forthwith elected an honorary life member of the Serious Family, *vice* Tom Poulton deceased.

And Major-General Fitzpatrick accepted his election, and eventually became Chairman of the Club. And poor Tom Poulton lies dead and buried at a salary of a hundred a year payable quarterly in advance. On one occasion, indeed, when the Major-General's quarterly instalment was some three weeks in arrears, poor Tom Poulton showed strong symptoms of revivification, but his disturbed spirit was eventually appeased by an additional advance of five pounds on account of the Major-General's next quarter's salary.

W. S. GILBERT.

IN TOWN.

It is certainly matter for congratulation that the present session of Parliament, which bids fair to be engaged in questions of more than ordinary importance, has been opened by Her Majesty in person. Considered as a mere spectacle, the opening of Parliament is not a very imposing sight, and the Indian potentates who were present could not fail to contrast it unfavourably with the gorgeous durbars of their own country. As a nation we are not remarkable for the magnificence of our public ceremonies and we seldom lose an opportunity of displaying the lack of it. Still we must remember after all that the truly imposing portion of the ceremony consisted, not in the pageant, but in the actors.

A propos of English processions and state *fonctions*, do any of our readers recollect the opening of the Thames Embankment last year? After vast sums had been expended in the wealthiest city in the world in perfecting what is really a grand work, it was inaugurated by a procession mainly composed of the members of the Board of Works in two-horse flies. Verily we have our own way of doing these things!

A telling, and we trust a fatal, blow, has been dealt to that effete absurdity, the Royal Marriage Act, by the consent of Her Majesty to the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne. It is sad to see opposition offered in any quarter to the endowment of the royal bride with what must have been given her in the event of her marrying a foreign prince—even though that opposition was led by Mr. P. A. Taylor, and supported by a solitary vote.

The beginning of the end of Continental complications is, it is to be hoped, at hand; and possibly before these lines appear in print, Mr. Buxton may have had the opportunity of bringing forward the motion which he announced, amidst some laughter, his intention of making 'on the conclusion of peace.' Whatever opinions may be formed of the attitude of this country throughout the struggle which has desolated France, there is one thing to which we can justly point with pride—the noble efforts made here to alleviate the awful miseries of one of the most sanguinary wars that history records. Whether the endeavours for the aid of the sick and wounded produced much real

good is perhaps open to doubt; as, by partially relieving the belligerents of one of the heaviest burdens of war, they may have conduced to some extent to the prolongation of the struggle; but that they saved numberless victims at the first outset there can be no question. The recent measures so promptly taken for the relief of the starving population of Paris are certainly beyond all praise.

The for long vexed question of the Alabama claims seems in all probability likely to engender further complications. The commission that has just been appointed by Government to settle these claims will have, in addition to the consideration of the fact that more than one English insurance company has already paid in full the losses of the proprietors of vessels sunk by the Alabama, to remember the equally important fact that they have probably not been accredited with powers by the Government to settle the claims of the Confederate bondholders.

Whatever may be said by disappointed authors and critics against public taste, there is always a healthy vitality in it which, sooner or later, reacts against false impressions, no matter how wide the temporary influence they may have gained. A notable instance of this may be observed in the decline of the burlesque drama. Much well-deserved blame has been lavished on the authors of these inanities, which have so long held possession of the stage; but we ought to look deeper and consider that the supply was created by the demand, and that the encouragers of false art, under which head we include not only the public, but most of their self-constituted guides, the newspaper critics, are in reality more culpable than the purveyors of it. The earlier specimens of burlesque used to give a slight relief from the endless pantomimes which every manager seemed bound annually to produce; but we regret to see the older form of entertainment swept almost entirely away by a class of performance equally foolish in its nature, and altogether devoid of the powerful excuse of being intended for the amusement of children. Compare the circle of childish faces, say on such a night as when Messrs. Smith and Elder's young friends visited Covent Garden, revelling in pantomime, and laughing with unfeigned delight at the time-honoured practical jokes of clown and pantaloon, or the unearthly gesticulations of the Payne or Vokes families, with the occupants of the stalls at a burlesque theatre gloating over 'leg scenes,' and draw your own conclusions as to the relative healthiness of the two sights.

The so-called 'realistic' drama is also at last we think beginning to lose ground. The scenic artist is a great man in his way and generally a very clever fellow, but after all he ought to be only an accessory to the dramatist. We smile at Mr. Vincent Crummles' real pump and washing tubs, but where is the real difference between a play written to bring those valuable properties before an audience, and one written to bring in the Underground Railway, the University Boat Race, or

that last and crowning absurdity, the dissected lighthouse with which the Adelphi audience were recently favoured?

True realism in stage art we think a charming thing. The day of stilted bombast is happily gone by, and the uninterrupted success of the late (that we should have to say so!) Mr. Robertson's easy and natural comedies has shown in a marked degree the public love of something natural. Considered as purely literary productions, they were not perhaps of a very high order, but they brought before the public characters who were to be met with in every-day life, and the natural taste of the audience at once approved them. The only one that may be said not to have thoroughly succeeded was unfortunately the author's last, and 'War,' we fancy, failed more in consequence of its somewhat ill-chosen time of production than on account of any radical defect of its own.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Boucicault will retrace his steps and employ the talented hand which gave us 'London Assurance' in something more worthy of himself than his later endeavours to out-herod all other competitors in sensational absurdities.

Of the purely imitative school but little need be said. Adaptations of Charles Dickens's novels and of foreign dramas can in no sense of the term be called art. The small modicum of ingenuity displayed in the adaptation of some of the French pieces is somewhat comic; for instance in the case of 'Fernande,' where a piece certainly quite unsuitable to an English audience was rendered almost utterly unintelligible by the reformation of the plot. But we were overlooking two really original pieces with which the town has been favoured. Let those who have not seen them visit 'The Two Roses' and 'The Palace of Truth' as soon as they can, lest the opportunity be gone. The latter in particular is a very successful attempt at a much higher style of dramatic composition than anything that has been produced for years.

Mrs. Rousby is extremely pretty and a very fair actress, and so is Miss Neilson, but 'Twixt Axe and Crown' and 'Amy Robsart' display such utter want of originality that we cannot say a word in their commendation.

We shall soon have the Opera again, but in its absence we have derived much pleasure from our visits to that most comfortable of all theatres, the Gaiety. Mr. Santley was glorious in 'Zampa'; and the charming music which accompanied them redeemed to a great extent the sad vulgarity of the English versions of Offenbach's burlesques.

It is pleasant to watch the rapid strides which the popularisation of good music makes every year. Even the most inappropriately termed *music* halls are compelled to adopt some respectable compositions into their programmes. The Alhambra, since the stern decision of the Middlesex magistrates cut off its ballet, has taken a somewhat higher ground, though of course inclining more to the performance of popular music. For those, and their number daily increases, whose ears are

sufficiently educated to enable them to appreciate really good music, the Monday Popular and Crystal Palace Concerts, especially the former, afford an opportunity of gratifying their tastes at a most moderate cost. Many will tell us that the greater part of the audience on these occasions is composed of foreigners, but we beg to differ. An old German song describes Bohemia as 'the happiest land on earth,' because all its inhabitants were musical; and, with some slight reservations, such as the street concertina, the barrel-organ, and the amateur cornopean, we agree with the opinion that the higher the aesthetic cultivation of a nation, of which music is probably as fair a test as could be taken, the greater the general comfort of its inhabitants.

The Exhibition of Pictures by the Old Masters has been a great boon. We shall probably never again have a similar chance of beholding nearly all the gems of private collections in one exhibition. The only objection to such large collections of pictures is the *embarras des richesses*. One knows not which way to turn, and has not sufficient time to thoroughly study the beauties of any of the gems of art surrounding us on all sides.

The Doré Gallery in Bond Street well repays a visitor, the pictures of that extraordinarily prolific artist being remarkable in their scenic effects. The latest addition, 'The Christian Martyrs,' is a most wonderful production, though slightly disfigured by a piece of hasty work in the varnishing, which has the apparent effect of bringing the stars out of their natural position and causing them to float about in mid-air like so many Will o' the Wisps.

Probably the most important piece of purely national art that has been produced in this country for many years is the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, now so far approaching conclusion that some distinct idea of its general effect, apart from that given by the various copies of the design which have been published, may be fairly formed.

The superstructure certainly seems more in the style of that art which gave birth to the Lord Mayor's state carriage than anything else; but time, London fogs, smoke, and rains will no doubt soon tone down its appearance. As regards the sculpture work at the base, it is not yet completed; but even in its unfinished state it augurs ill for those who are pleased habitually to croak about our 'utter want of able sculptors.' Poor Macdowell! He was enabled to put the finishing touches to his portion of the work before he died. The arrangement of his group, 'Europe,' is a little hard, but nevertheless a worthy representative of the art that took us by storm with the 'Reading Girl.' It is rumoured that the statue of the late Prince by Foley is to be in gold; but we shall be sorry to see the rumour verified by fact, as it will then form but an incongruous crowning piece to what will undoubtedly be the largest mass of modern sculpture in Europe. Of the work of Mr. Armstead and Mr. Philip we can but speak in terms of the highest praise. These gentlemen have now almost come to the conclusion of their

seven years' labour. It is not easy to imagine a work that comprises over a hundred and fifty life-size figures, and one can just as hardly grasp the unremitting labour and perseverance that have produced it. Mr. Armstead has ably used the advantage he has had in having, to some extent, contemporaries to depict. This gentleman's centre group of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, were it not for a certain mechanical arrangement, would be a perfect success. Indeed, the mode of arrangement is perhaps the principal drawback to his work. In attempting to group his subjects according to their characteristics, he has produced in some cases almost a humorous effect.

Mr. Philip has, on the other hand, treated his subjects chronologically. His centre figure, Michael Angelo, should alone be sufficient to make his reputation. His work is marked by a chaste gentleness which has been admirably sustained throughout.

The groups on the four spurs of the base, consisting of Commerce by Thorneycroft; Engineering, by Lawler; Manufacture, by Weekes; and Agriculture, by Calder Marshall, are already completed. It were perhaps premature to bestow any elaborate criticism on what is yet an unfinished work, but what is done may fairly be taken as a guide to the final result.

Notwithstanding the flourish of trumpets that has announced the throwing open of the Civil Service to general competition, but few young men appear desirous of coming forward for examination. It is not likely that men of the calibre required by the schemes recently promulgated, will have such an utter want of common sense as to go in for a severe examination to obtain an uncertainty. Were the Civil Service constituted on a definite footing, and were the higher prizes in it open to all (as is the case in India), men would readily enough come forward no doubt, but to expect them to enter a service in a chaotic state of transition is an insult to the intelligence of the educated classes.



OXFORD CHIT - CHAT.

NINE readers of our local gossip out of every ten will search with interest for a 'tip' as to the coming aquatic contest on the Putney water. They must of dire necessity be disappointed. Neither Mr. Woodgate of B. N. C.—who as we write is acting coach to an eight, of which it is impossible to predict that it will be *the* eight—nor the most intelligent waterman on the banks of Isis could hazard a speculation as to the comparative value of the rival raw materials. A vast deal is babbled here about the inferiority of our stroke. Too short. Will break the men's wind in a couple of miles. Not less ugly to look at than bad to go. These and similar utterances of wise-acreage find their little way into journals which are accredited. Assuredly the stroke is not that grand methodical swing, which lifted Oxford to victory from the old days of Chitty and Meade-King down to the conclusion of the last decade. That triumph-insuring secret Mr. Morrison bore away with him to Cambridge, the result being Mr. Goldie, a man, by the way, who has perpetrated one grand mistake—he has chosen the wrong University. Inasmuch, however, as our spies report that the Cantab crew consists practically of this oar and one other, to despair of our ship would be alike weak and disloyal. To a poverty of style we confess, but this is not irremediable. Our eight will not row away from their opponents, but are not likely to fall far astern. Hence our advice to investors must be simple: 'Don't be in a hurry to form an opinion.' Above all, disbelieve every syllable you see in print. *De rigueur*, Oxford will be written, yet it does not follow that she will be rowed, down. There is a story of a Tipperary lad bringing an action for defamation of character. His plea was that defendant had called him an Irishman! We are not likely for many a long day to imitate Paddy. The dark blue ribbon fore or aft will ever be the pride of Oxford. To us it is the symbol alike of mind and matter; of the leading thought of England and of her most honourable muscularity.

From the boat to the dons is a disagreeable transition. There is another fellowship scandal afloat. B. N. C. advertised a brace of these sinecures, which, we may instruct the uninitiated, mean luxurious competence so long as the holder can refrain from committing that sin

which Mr. Moncure Conway would style 'perpetual marriage.' One fellowship was for classics, the other for mathematics. Candidates flocked hungrily to the gateway shaded by the fungoid nose. Visions of no more ethics or no more sums floated before the vivid imaginations of first-class men, heightened no doubt by thoughts of panelled rooms and port. Alas for classic Oxford! The sums had it all their own way, and Aristotle retired ignominiously. In fact, the dons of B. N. C. gave the classical fellowship to a mathematician. How came this? There is a solution of the problem, which may be stated, but is obviously absurd. The dons, it is asserted, designed the mathematical fellowship for a meritorious man of their own college. Unfortunately there appeared a leviathan from Magdalen, a person of known mathematical ability. What could they do? To put their own man above this *enfant terrible* would have exposed them to a charge of unfair dealing. Accordingly they created two mathematical fellows, leaving the entire body of classicists to call again another time. This ridiculous hypothesis would account for the milk of the cocoa-nut, but not for the hairs on the shell; or, in parallel words, would amply explain the 'brazen,' leaving the 'nose' a matter of conjecture.

B. N. C. apart, it seems very hard that colleges should not reward their own students who have done their tutors credit in the schools. That most blunder-headed body, the University Commission, among other and more mischievous vagaries, took away the power of colleges to elect their own men, supposing that a candidate of superior luck in scribbling examination questions appeared from some other college—legislation, be it remarked, most destructive of the very *esprit de corps* which is the glory of the college system. At Cambridge, if you aspire to a St. Boniface fellowship, to St. Boniface you must go. At Oxford, if you cast sheep's eyes on the fat pastures of Magdalen or St. John's you had better enter at Balliol or Corpus. Hence difficulties are perpetually cropping up, like this so-called scandal of B. N. C. Certes, if B. N. C. had passed over their own worthy man, who had gained them a first class, B. N. C. would have been abominably ungrateful. Yet his just election has brought the college into unenviable notoriety.

In that mock parliament, which hebdomadalises within the precincts of the pig-market, there has arisen of late much dissension about new foundations. The *vile corpus* of the debate was Keble College, the constitution of which 'riled' many a spleen. All other colleges are governed by fellows, who from time immemorial have pilfered shamelessly the goods appertaining to the non-governing portion of the foundation, whilst they made a harvest out of the independent members of their society. Keble, however, is governed by a council of eminent personages, who desire simply the welfare of the students. Nothing could be opposed to the traditions of the place more thoroughly than this new foundation. It exists for its men, not its men for it. There are no scout's perquisites. Food is eaten, not wasted. A dead stopper

is put on many inane extravagances, acquiesced in reluctantly by the rest of the University. In short, as far as discipline is concerned, Keble is a model. Perhaps just now it errs on the side of severity. Nevertheless, bullying by dons is sweet compared with bullying by tradesmen. If the Keble men are not in debt, they are of all the richest. Strange to say, the opposition to this youngest college came from the liberal side of the pig-market. There was much grunting about sectarianism. Translated into Johnsonian and Carlylese English, might be heard the sentiments of the enlightened agitator, 'I'm for wote by ballast, and guv'nment by majority, and them as don't like it, make 'em!'

Perhaps some of the pig-market debaters may have felt some small alarm lest the principle upon which Keble College rests might be extended. No one much minds Keble. It is a poor man's affair. Suppose, however, some enterprising soul were to start a college for aristocrats and plutocrats, where the 'poor rich' should receive money's worth for money! What a bomb shell for a certain institution, which has been honestly endeavouring by consistent mismanagement to goad its high spirits into open rebellion! Instead of calcined statues, bonfires in quad, war-dances around authority, productive of beggared dukes, marquesses hurried to a premature grave, and a well-stocked turf, men treated like men would behave like men; there would be that wholesome confidence between senior and junior observable in the army. No wonder that the minds of the pig-market hastened with preventive measures for fear of such a catastrophe. For the honour of Oxford, be it said, they were not only ignominiously defeated, but, better still, received a wholesome slating from their own adherents in the London press.

To turn to chit-chat proper from the field of chit-chat speculative, Lent term is dull enough. We have had the opportunity of witnessing some real skating by an American undergraduate. So perfect were this gentleman's evolutions that for the first time it was possible to realise the comprehensiveness of his national term 'slick,' which must have surely been invented by a skater. The rejection of the new master of University for the Oxford school board, old Marlburians will do well to consider as less of insult than of purblind error. *A propos* of schoolmasters, the Sherborne meeting proposes to reform our Latin pronunciation. Good news this for musicians. We shall have an end at last to 'Benn-ee-dictus quei veenit,' and such-like insular cacophony. The other measure of the schoolmaster contains in it less of justice and much of pedantry. They want an university matriculation examination. In other words, they propose to shut the doors of colleges to all who do not pay their half-yearly bills. As matters stand a man can enter Oxford who has never opened a Greek book. Nor would it be just to exclude such a student from the benefits of the place. If Latin and Greek were all that we teach it would be a different

matter. We do, however, instruct in natural science, mathematics, theology, law, history, Sanscrit, even in neglected poetry and despised music. Professors flourish for the most part on ponderous salaries. They really thirst for audiences. Why then ostracise that social ornament and good-hearted entertainer Lord Fitzthingumy, who has a taste for history or art, but simply declines to be bored with *Alcestis* and arithmetic? There is quite enough of priggish optimism in Oxford without the intrusion of *doctrinaire* theorising. If the masters will attend to the scholarships, heads of houses will take care of themselves.

Have your readers any idea that Oxford can turn out very excellent caricature? Our esteemed publisher has just brought out some cartoons in their way inimitable, from the pencil, as is supposed, of a first-class man. Two especially deserve notice. The royal grace at Versailles, where the Emperor is drawn to such perfection that it is to be regretted that he has not a copy. A good laugh would perhaps mollify the conditions of peace. The other is headed 'The Relation of Art to Use,' and the Slade professor appears by way of illustration of his own theory. His head stands out in bold relief—as a gargoyle!

One word about the city. A drainage scheme has at last been agreed upon. The waters of the Cherwell which go to form Magdalen and Christ Church walks, will no longer necessitate the use of scented *mouchoirs*. This is an advance in civilisation. Two years ago the city made a discovery as regards roads. Perhaps ere long they may learn that pavement is desirable, and that drinking-water in summer ought not to contain specimens of many-legged monstrosities. The worst feature, however, in civic mismanagement is deserving of special mention. Every Wednesday and Saturday hundreds of horned cattle are permitted to pour through Oxford, a fair proportion being bulls. The University being misogynist, may be assumed to rejoice at any measure which represses *châtelaines* and costume dresses. Not so the city. The mercers and drapers, at least, must have some interest in the fair sex. Yet it is a fact that people are continually being charged by bulls in our streets. St. Giles's—the Mayfair of our resident gentry—was simply abandoned the other day to a mad brute, who was eventually lassoed, and slaughtered in the thoroughfare. This sort of thing might suit Madrid, but even there people like to be seated in comfortable security before enjoying their little feast of brutality.

Architecturally Oxford progresses slowly but surely. The gap in the High, caused by demolishing 'The Angel,' makes men regret that the scheme of the Dean of Christ Church for building new schools was rejected by the pig-market. A splendid *façade* on that site would be the making of the old High. New College is to have a grand front in Holywell—some day: a good idea. For New College ought to be larger in size, and just now it has the most grim of approaches. The circular window at the east end of the cathedral adds much to the picturesque

character of that edifice, and if canonical selfishness would only give way in the matter of that hideous wall, which hides all the beauties of Christ Church, and if Corpus could be induced to build a new front to the meadow, we should have somewhat to compare with the world-famed 'Backs' at Cambridge.

Personal news there is none, except in regard of Prince Hassan, who seems to throw himself into Oxford ways with zest. The appointment of Mr. Mozley to the Regius chair of Divinity is most deservedly popular. Lent will bring down ecclesiastics upon us in abundance. *Chacun à son goût*. They like them here. But then we have some charming specimens of natural growth. Is it necessary to particularise above all others a certain junior canon of St. Paul's? with whom must be associated the most affable, courteous, and unaffected of all prelates, the new Bishop of Oxford.

Oh, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone! you have indeed heaped coals of fire on the unworthy pate of your false Alma Mater!



THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE.

The Works of Alexander Pope. New Edition. Including several hundred unpublished Letters, and other new Materials. Collected in part by the late Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER. With Introductions and Notes. By Rev. WHITWELL ELWIN. London, John Murray.

It is not often, at the present day, that a man gets the chance Mr. Elwin has here availed himself of. Pope is one of our standard authors; he is found in every library: and yet there is no large edition of his works, such as we have of nearly every other great poet in our language, such as has of late years been published soon after the decease of most of our famous authors. Copies of the text, of course, we have in abundance; but for a large and fully annotated edition we have to go back to the hastily-written work of Bowles, or the still older, pedantic, and unsatisfactory editions of Warburton and Warton. It is certainly singular that from the time of Bowles down to the present year no attempt has been made to supply this deficiency. The late Mr. Wilson Croker, it was well known, was engaged in preparing an edition of Pope; but his lamented death left the undertaking incomplete, and hitherto no attempt had been made to take it up anew. Meantime, however—partially, if we mistake not, since Mr. Croker's death—new and strange light has been thrown on Pope's character and conduct by the researches of Mr. Dilke, well known in connection with the 'Athenæum'; and thus when Mr. Elwin applied himself to the task, though he enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Croker's materials, he had to begin to a very large extent afresh; and the present edition, though embodying many of Croker's notes, is emphatically the Elwin edition.

The first volume of this edition is before us, and we have little hesitation in saying that it at once takes its position as the standard edition of Pope. The text has been thoroughly collated, though this is a task of little difficulty and less importance in the case of Pope; for at the poet's death Warburton got charge of the original manuscripts to assist him in his editorial labours, under pain of forfeiting his legacy of 4,000*l.* should he be detected tampering with them; and the manuscripts still remain, and may be compared with the printed text. Indeed, one is somewhat inclined to object, as it is, to the number of various manuscript readings which are placed in the foot-notes, as

being for the most part trivial and not worth disinterring; but they certainly attest the scrupulous care and fidelity of the editor.

The present volume contains a long Introduction and several of the juvenile poems—viz. the translations, the imitations from Chaucer, the pastorals, and 'Windsor Forest.' The Introduction consists of a few remarks on preceding editions, a long discussion on Pope's correspondence, and, by way of conclusion, a few remarks explanatory of the present edition. The discussion which occupies almost the entire Introduction is, however, one of startling interest. It opens up the whole question, which till lately was not even suspected to exist, whether the various circumstances which seemed to show that the publication of Pope's letters was forced upon him were not arranged by the poet himself, whether his apparent reluctance to publish them was not merely part of an elaborate deception.

The circumstances are, we are convinced, such as to bear out the interpretation put upon them by Mr. Dilke and adopted by Mr. Elwin. The first publication of part of Pope's letters certainly took place without his consent. It embraced the series addressed to Cromwell, and the latter gave them to his mistress, who sold them to Curll, the publisher, for ten guineas. Their favourable reception inspired the poet with the desire of publishing some of his other more correct and elaborate letters; but he was anxious that it should appear as if circumstances had necessitated their publication against his will. A plausible excuse suggested itself in the publication of some posthumous poems by the dramatist Wycherley. With him Pope had had some correspondence, and the old man had even employed his young friend to revise and correct these poems. Pope now asserted that their publication was derogatory to Wycherley's fame, and that a reference to that correspondence would prove that they had not been meant for publication. It proved nothing of the kind; but, on the other hand, it showed to what an extent the poems were indebted to Pope's revision.

Conscious that his excuse was but a lame one, Pope was desirous of throwing the responsibility of publication on some other person's shoulders. By a series of adroit manœuvres he managed to get Lord Oxford, a man of no talent but anxious to be credited with a literary turn of mind, to allow the publisher to state that the letters had been copied from originals in Lord Oxford's library, the fact being that the originals had been sent there after the first copies had been printed. The deception was entirely successful, and the truth never even suspected till long after, when the correspondence with Lord Oxford was brought to light.

Emboldened by the success of this scheme, Pope soon cast about for an opportunity of giving other portions of his correspondence to the world. He succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in getting back his letters from some of his chief correspondents; and, after destroying three-fourths of them, carefully preserved the others, depositing a

duplicate copy of the series in Lord Oxford's library. Of course there is no saying what revision they may not have undergone.

The correspondence was now ready for publication, but for some years no opportunity presented itself. At length Curll, who was no friend of Pope's, announced a life of the poet. He thereupon received from an unknown correspondent, who signed himself P. T., the offer of a large collection of Pope's letters. The remuneration asked was very small, and the motive urged by P. T., who professed to have an illwill to Pope, was that these private letters would show the poet's character in its true light.

It turns out, however, that the letters were the identical ones placed in Lord Oxford's library, which we know to have been prepared for publication by the author himself. But the most suspicious thing about the whole business is the anxiety which P. T. showed to get Curll to advertise his collection of letters as forthcoming. It is easy to see how this would have played into Pope's hands. The same publisher who had formerly given the Cromwell correspondence to the public promises a further series; Pope, in self-defence, is obliged to publish them himself.

Curll, however, was too wary to put his foot into so patent a trap, and no further steps were taken in the matter for about eighteen months. At the end of that time Pope applied to Lord Oxford for the loan of the volume of correspondence. Three weeks after, Curll, actuated apparently by the advice of some of his acquaintances, offered Pope to close all differences, and, as a voucher of good faith, sent him P. T.'s communication. Pope's answer was to advertise in the papers, disclaiming any knowledge of P. T. or his letters, and declining to have anything to do with Curll. At the instant that Curll was stung to rage by this extraordinary insult, P. T. reappears on the scene. He magnanimously pardons Curll for betraying him to Pope, informs him that the letters are now printed, and offers still to make Curll the publisher. Curll consents, and the publication takes place.

Who, then, was this P. T. who played so wonderfully into Pope's hands while professing enmity to him? Mr. Dilke did not scruple to maintain that it was none other than Pope himself, and Mr. Elwin has at great length and with relentless logic enforced the same conclusion.

The arrest by the House of Lords, the singular omission of a dangerous page, and insertion, without Curll's knowledge, of a laudatory preface in the copies which were seized by the Peers' messenger, the subsequent attempt of P. T. to throw the blame off Pope by publishing the correspondence between P. T. and Curll—a correspondence which entirely exonerated the latter and convicted the former of foul play—all are inexplicable except on the hypothesis that Pope himself was at least the moving spring of P. T.'s actions. Mr. Elwin's narrative is the first continuous account that has been given of this most extraordinary affair; and though we would qualify some of his statements, and even

one or two of his conclusions, it seems impossible to resist the main sweep of his argument, to avoid believing that Pope was guilty of the grossest deceit and meanness.

This publication of Curll's drew from Pope a promise of a counter-publication, guaranteed by himself. This time, however, the public was not so easily imposed on. Though Pope's connivance at the publication of the Wycherley correspondence was not suspected, people had a shrewd idea that in this second case Pope was only too glad to get an excuse for publishing his letters. 'It seems,' says Johnson, in his 'Lives of the Poets,' 'that Pope . . . contrived an appearance of compulsion, that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.' The same conclusion is unavoidably forced on us by several points, to which Mr. Elwin has called attention in the editions of his letters which Pope subsequently published.

In the case of the Swift correspondence, the evidence is, to our mind, even more damnatory. It is proved that Pope asked for his letters, that Swift declined to return them, and that finally the Dean was prevailed on to hand them over to Pope. Can we reconcile with these facts the belief that afterwards, when Swift was in his dotage, the two changed sides, and that in spite of Pope's expostulations and entreaties, Swift insisted on publishing these letters which had previously passed out of his control? The inference is irresistible, that here, too, the same deceit was practised, that Pope managed to throw the discredit of publication on his poor old friend, knowing that the premature dotage into which that brilliant intellect had fallen would render it impossible for his assertions to be contradicted.

'A fatality,' says Mr. Elwin, 'attended the correspondence of Pope. Curll, in defiance of him, printed his letters to Cromwell. Lord Oxford, in spite of his disapproval, printed his letters to Wycherley. An unknown person, by unknown means, obtained the whole of the collection of 1735, printed it secretly at his own expense, and sold it for a song. To render the history uniform and complete, Swift, who would not permit Pope to print their letters, printed them himself, while Pope, changing sides with him, remonstrated and threatened. That nothing might be wanting to the singularity of the case, the last three sets of letters stole into the world when they were under the vigilant guardianship of the poet, and the two last sets got abroad after the abiding paroxysm of terror, engendered by the indiscretion of a single dissolute friend, had induced him to wrest his correspondence from friends of every degree for the purpose of securing it from the possibility of publication.' And this misfortune happened to Pope alone of the literary leaders of the day.¹

¹ Introduction, p. cxvi.

It would be tedious now to speak of the minor points with regard to which Mr. Elwin exposes Pope's conduct, his behaviour to Caryll and Bolingbroke, and the unblushing way in which he falsified his letters, addressing to great people some which had been originally written to a small squire in Kent, omitting and garbling and antedating. Enough has probably been said to send many of our readers to this Introduction, which is certainly the most remarkable contribution to the Pope controversy which has ever appeared, Mr. Dilke's letters alone excepted. Yet we cannot avoid a feeling of dissatisfaction at the contents of this volume. We would on no account lose the Introduction; but is it not out of place as a general introduction to Pope's Works? One would have expected in the first volume an account of Pope's life, or a critical essay on his poetry, and the present Introduction would have formed the fitting preface to the five volumes of correspondence. In this way, too, the unseemly spectacle would have been avoided of an editor doing nothing but heap abuse on his author from beginning to end. For, indeed, the only fear we have for this edition is that the editor may prove less competent as a poetical critic than as an historical student. We are not altogether satisfied with some of his notes in the present volume. We reserve our remarks on this head, however, till the appearance of the second volume, which is to consist entirely of poetry. But we are decidedly of opinion that, in prefixing this discussion to his entire edition, Mr. Elwin has consulted his own reputation rather than what was fit and proper in an edition of Pope.







DRAWN BY F. W. LAWSON.

"LOST."